

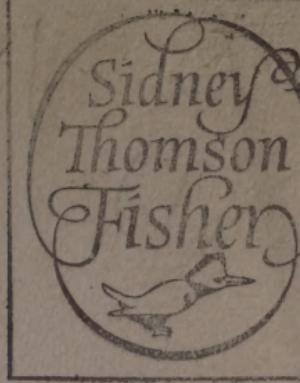


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SHAKESPEARE IN TIME OF WAR

SHAKESPEARE IN TIME OF WAR

*EXCERPTS FROM THE PLAYS ARRANGED
WITH TOPICAL ALLUSION*

BY
FRANCIS COLMER

LATE EXHIBITIONER OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD

Admit me Chorus to this history.

King Henry V., Act I., Chorus

* * * * *

Thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Sonnet cvii.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet xviii.

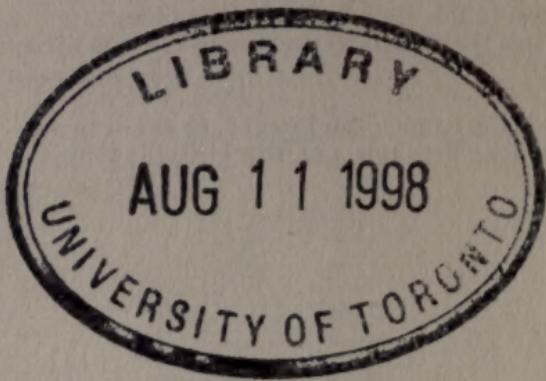
LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1916

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When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ; . . .
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor cutpurse come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ; . . .
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

King Lear, III. ii.



PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED
LONDON AND BECCLES

TO
Mrs. A. Ridley Bax
IN TOKEN OF
LOVE AND HOMAGE

Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, . . . but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Tempest, III. i.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts.

Sonnet xxxi.

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion.

Sonnet xx.

You drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Merchant of Venice, V. i.

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BY WAY OF PROLOGUE

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of thy memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

Sonnet, lv.

IT is a dark hour that has fallen to us in which to celebrate the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare. All the brave schemes that have been so long set on foot, with their imposing committees which met and waited for the munificent patron who might shoulder the burden of the national debt, have proved abortive, and save for a few performances of his plays here and there, and in particular at his native town of Stratford, there will be little done out of the common to mark the significance of the occasion. And perhaps it is not altogether a matter for regret ; for until the recognition of his genius is the outcome

of a spontaneous acclaim on the part of a whole people, and not of a few eminent *littérateurs*, all public adulation must fall little short of mockery. For in spite of the many lavish productions of his works during later years, ever more lavish since the time of Phelps, in spite of the numerous and tastefully-bound editions which still find a ready market in this country, in spite of the fact that certain of the Local Examinations necessitate the laborious study of one or more of his plays, it must be admitted that to the great mass of his fellow-countrymen Shakespeare is yet little more than a name. At times, perhaps, one might doubt if this were so, for so many of his phrases have become current in our common speech that they have become as it were household words, but general usage has blunted their application and bedimmed the glow of genius that gave them birth. For the spirit of our age is alien to that which could produce a Shakespeare. His methods and his very language have become archaic, and while we concentrate our study on them, we ignore the fresh and vital force by which they are infused which is one with the ever-living fire by which the masterpieces of the ancient world were inspired. It may be, if it be of avail to draw any analogy from history, that the outburst of romanticism which marked the last years of Elizabeth's reign, may, as it was later on, be again repeated for us, and that the aftermath of this war may give birth to the revival of a genuine love of art and letters. If it prove so, and with our widened experience and the passing of our cherished illusions it seems by no means

improbable, then will be the fitting time to erect in a public manner a monument which will do real and lasting honour to his memory.

At this crisis of her fate, when the accents of patriotism and self-interest are so strangely intermingled, and when the fires of her old chivalry require to be blown to a white heat, how sorely does the country need the sound of a ringing voice that shall speak with the tongue of her children of old. She has denied and proscribed the arts, without which the martial spirit must faint, and just retribution falls on her. Where shall she look among those whom she has neglected for one clear rallying cry and cheering note? Milton and Tennyson are not national poets in the full sense of the word. There is only one poet who has identified himself deeply with the nationality of our race and who has made himself the mouthpiece to interpret it in every mood and aspiration, who is himself, indeed, the typical Englishman. Our one and only *national* poet is William Shakespeare,—national, not merely in an insular, but, one might almost say, in an imperial sense. In nearly all his plays, however foreign the subject, there show forth ever and anon traces of that fervent love for his native land which amounted to the very adoration of her earth and all that stood or grew on it. To him it was “a precious stone set in a silver sea”; all other lands were “less happier.” It does not enter into his consideration that in any of her dealings with other nations her course could be wrong. Of all women hers are the fairest, and of all men hers are the bravest,—equal to ten men of any

other nation,¹—which is just that happy and arrogant egoism which has made our race so indomitable in adversity. Nor is he ever dismayed at any sudden turn of Fortune's wheel, but is ever supremely confident of the issue if "England to herself shall be but true." A belief in the destiny of the race was a cardinal principle with him. If, therefore, from the past we would draw back one who should speak with no uncertain voice to the men of this later age,—who should it be but Shakespeare? And yet, indeed, unrivalled as was his power of confident suggestion and his vigour in the denunciation of wrong in whatever shape or form, what could he add more pertinent or impressive than what he has already written! We have but to read his book to catch the inspiration of his spirit. His book is our national asset; and if at this time his memory is dear to us and we would do honour to his name, it would be well for us to read it over again, and lay his words to heart that we may derive from it courage and endurance for the conflict.

How small the public interest in Shakespeare and his work really is becomes apparent when we consider that many of his plays are so rarely enacted—some, indeed, never at all. We glibly accept the assurance that he was for "all time," while we forget to lay to heart that such time is even our own. How is it we so seldom see a performance of *King Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cymbeline*, *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, the stirring

¹ *I Henry VI.*, I. ii. Colonel Seely repeated the boast when he affirmed at Heanor (April 26th, 1913) that every soldier under the voluntary system is worth ten conscripts.

scenes of English history in the fine chronicle plays of *Henry VI.*, and many others? Mr. Benson, indeed, unaided by any State subvention, has done his utmost to redeem us from the charge of complete neglect. For the rest it has been left to the private enterprise of theatrical managers, who have both their own personal interests to consider and the personality of some particular actor, and are forced to court popular favour by presenting such plays as most lend themselves to spectacular display. What, indeed, can be looked for from a public that is content to receive the dramatic appeal through the medium of the film; and we are bound to affirm that actor-managers who have lent their representations for that purpose are seriously lowering the dignity of their art and subordinating it to their personal gain. The music of the spoken word and the cadence of verse falls upon dull ears and is becoming a lost art. It is of course vain to wish that the æsthetic appreciation of one age should be of the same character as that of another, but it is a degradation of art when that of one age is transformed to meet the tastes of another. Of late years, it is true, something has been done to effect a return to methods of greater simplicity; but too often the motive has been to exhibit the bizarre theories of some latter-day art movement, possibly moving in the right direction, but wholly selfish, and in no sense an attempt to restore a purer conception. Little interest has been taken in Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, and their works have been so rarely performed and in such an obscure manner, that they are quite unknown to the

general public. How often has there been chronicled the performance of such plays as *Volpone*, *the Jew of Malta*, *Philaster*, *The Broken Heart*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—plays admirable indeed, which should be in the repertory of any National Theatre? Yet without the knowledge of such plays we are without a measure by which to estimate his stature in relation to that of his contemporaries, and to appreciate in full the standard of his achievement.

There have indeed been from time to time recurrent waves of interest in matters relating to Shakespeare, and while, perhaps, they may have contributed to establishing more firmly his position as a national idol, they have done little towards inculcating a real love and knowledge of his work. For with that morbid interest which mankind ever displays in the affairs of such as achieve greatness, the more insatiate and sleuth-like in proportion as they are wrapped in obscurity, popular activity in this direction has been mainly devoted to prying into the private concerns of the poet's life, and has been employed in the exhumation of every possible memorial relating to his earthly career. Every new discovery has been hailed with acclamation according to the degree in which it threw light on the vexed problems that needed solution. His outward appearance, his ancestry, the date of his birth, the authenticity of his birthplace, his relations with his wife, his connection with the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke, his life at Stratford, and above all the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets,—these were the points which the critics

mainly debated with so much energy. And although much useful information was acquired relating to the Elizabethan stage, and the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were produced, the mystery remained as baffling as ever. So that, not content with impugning the authenticity of several plays, wholly or in part, it is not to be wondered that they soon went to the length of denying the authenticity of the whole Folio ; and it was left to an ingenious but misguided American to endeavour rudely to throw the colossus of clay from its pedestal. Well, although in their frenzy piling Ossa upon Pelion, the Baconian theorists,—those Higher Critics who would deny the authority of our Lay Scripture,—could not evolve a case that would stand any judicial test ; and if the last word can be said to have lain with Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, they have egregiously failed in their attempt, and their sole reward is a lasting contribution to the gaiety of nations. Shakespeare is no less Shakespeare to those who love him for his work ; his stature if anything seems greater than before, and whatever blemishes his work may exhibit, and however much it may be shown to be partly the work of other hands, it will ever stand as an abiding monument to his genius. Shakespeare refuses to display himself ; he has made no self-revelation in his work. This is the final outcome of the latest criticism as it appears in Sir Sidney Lee's "Life,"—that amazing storehouse of Shakespearean lore,—in which, refusing to be led astray by his enthusiasm, he subjects every detail to a cool and close analysis. Much valuable light indeed he is

able to throw on the text of the plays and the date of their composition, on the management of the play-houses and the life of the players, but as to the rest his findings are mainly of a negative character. The actual date of his birth is not assured, the room of his birth is no longer extant, his father's trade was doubtful, as was the occasion also which took him from Stratford, and his early life in London is buried in obscurity. Whether he ever travelled abroad it is impossible to say. None of his portraits can be said to be drawn from the life. With regard to the tortuous question of the Sonnets, Mr. W. H. was not the Earl of Pembroke, and there is no proof that Mistress Mary Fitton was the so-called Dark Lady. In short, there is nothing that can be deduced from them that can safely be admitted as throwing light on any episode in Shakespeare's career. However much he may have fallen in with the prevailing vogue of sonnet-writing, he did not wear his heart on his sleeve "for daws to peck at." "If so, the less Shakespeare he!" Neither did he in his plays. He probably cared as little for posthumous fame as he did for the pirating of his plays and care of his manuscripts in his own lifetime; and he was content to draw his material from whatever was at hand, and to supply work for which there was a steady popular demand, and which offered him a sufficiently lucrative return. For this, indeed, there is much to be thankful. The spiritual essence of the Man resides in his book; the grosser parts have been purged away. And it is well that posterity should be withheld from laying unhallowed hands on the

cerecloths in which his earthly being was wrapped. From that last indignity he has happily secured himself.

We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. . . . Better so !

* * *

When we compare our own time with that in which Shakespeare lived we find that, though the conditions of modern life are so vastly altered, they possess many points in common. Everything was in a state of flux ; but in the age of Elizabeth while there was a strong tendency towards cohesion and a more settled order was becoming apparent, in our day the influences at work are those of disintegration. The great empire of Charles V., which had so long held Europe in awe, had broken up, and Spain was engaged in making her final bid for world domination. The nations were occupied in a scramble for the boundless wealth of the New World. The Eastern part of Europe was still wild and little known to the Western nations. The Turkish power reached to the gates of Vienna, and Milan and Venice were still powerful independent states that presented a bulwark against it for the rest of Christendom. Poland was a great central kingdom, but Prussia was obscure and of little account, and Russia, under the rule of Ivan the Terrible, was in a state of semi-barbarism. England was still in a state of nonage and had not attained to her full strength. She had passed through a troublous period of spiritual strife, and was slowly freeing

herself from the fetters which hindered freedom of thought. Her relations with the Continent were less close than formerly, for she had just lost the last of her possessions there, and she began to gaze eagerly across the western ocean to the New Atlantis and the shores of gold. It was the moment when the foundations of her mighty Empire were about to be laid, and its fate was in the balance. Confronted as she was on every sea and land by her mighty adversary Spain, it behoved her rulers to walk warily. Her army was small, her navy weak ; her power for offence on any large scale reduced to a minimum. She found it necessary to join hands with her old enemy across the Channel, with whom she had had such long and exhausting wars, in order to create a proper equipoise to the Spanish menace. The theory of the balance of power was becoming a recognized principle. With Philip, it must be remembered, the dominant motive was ever religion, and by means of his Spanish emissaries in this country, working feverishly behind the scenes, he spared no effort to arrive at a peaceful solution. As long as he was duped and cajoled by Elizabeth, as he was for many a long year, he was content to wait. He was probably not influenced by the greed of conquest. But that change which he sought to effect, though differing in name from that Kultur with which we are familiar at the present day, was the same in principle, and would have been the imposition of a hide-bound system of thought, if not in secular at least in religious matters, which would have gone far to paralyse the new and growing energies of the national

life. But the long deferred crisis at last came ; the adventure of the Armada, with every prospect of success, was undertaken—and shattered ! Long though the warning had been, England was not ready to meet the blow. She delayed making any preparation until the last. We even find Lord Howard of Effingham writing : "I am very sorry that her Majesty will not thoroughly awake in this perilous and most dangerous time." She refused to open her purse-strings to fit out the fleet and the army with the necessaries without which they were powerless. The men were underpaid and ill-trained, and there was a crying lack of all munitions of war. To complete the parallel, then as now, it was a Cecil who watched to keep our shores safe from attack. Yet with the daring hardihood of her sailors in their light ships England threw off the invader, and, with the winds as her powerful allies completing her triumph, managed to "muddle through." Her dangerous rival after so many years of secret preparation had perforce to accept defeat at the hands of her contemptible little navy.

In such a time was the youth of Shakespeare passed, and it is perhaps somewhat unfortunate that his dramatic activities had not begun at the period of the crowning event. His plays exhibit no rancour against the foe, although the Duke of Alva,—the Hindenburg of that time,—was long carrying on a career of savage slaughter in Flanders in his determination to bleed that country white. The Spanish soldier was fierce and ruthless, but he was at the same time often characterized by a high chivalry

which rendered him a noble adversary. Only twice does Shakespeare introduce a Spaniard into his plays; once as a "muta persona" in *Cymbeline*, and again in the character of the fantastical Don Adriano de Armado (the name is a significant allusion) in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who was suggested by a half-crazed Spaniard known as "fantastical Monarcho" who haunted Elizabeth's Court. It is doubtful whether he was acquainted with the work of his great contemporary Cervantes, with whom his genius had so much in common and whose career terminated almost at the same moment as his own;¹ but the lost play of *Cardenio*, drawn from "Don Quixote" and reputed to be the joint work of himself and Fletcher, gives ground for the probability of such a supposition. Certainly, for the creator of Falstaff and the Don, of Touchstone and Sancho Panza, the barrier of race did not exist; the humour of them both, ever at its best as it bordered closer upon pathos, was sprung from the same fountain-head. How Shakespeare would have dealt with the present enemy it is not difficult to guess, for of all nations the Germans seem to have aroused his dislike most. He has not a good word to say for them, except in irony. To him they were for the most part cozeners, thieves, and drunkards. Nothing good came out of Germany. The German *lanzknecht* bore an evil reputation throughout Europe, and the sack of Rome was not an episode to be lightly forgotten. The part, too,

¹ Although the date of Cervantes' death is given as April 23rd, he actually died ten days earlier than Shakespeare, as this country had not then adopted the Gregorian Calendar.

that the bands of Martin Schwarz played in the eastern counties in the time of Henry VII. would probably also be within his knowledge. It is strange, therefore, that he should have received such attention from German commentators, and he might well turn in his grave at the preposterous attitude over him which they have adopted. They have weighted him down with many tomes of "wordy German imbecility" from which his imprisoned spirit vainly struggles to escape. Yet, while we must deny to the Germans that they were the first to show us how to estimate him at his proper worth, in that he was not an irresponsible child of nature, but a writer whose method and matter were the result of a ripened experience and reasoning judgment, we are bound in all fairness to admit the value of much of the laborious research they have bestowed upon him. And it is to be hoped that another Day may dawn at some future time, when the cicatrice of the wound to our national friendship may no longer be visible, and when the two nations, having learnt from each other to admit many bitter truths, may again be able to progress side by side in pursuance of truth and beauty.¹

The peril in which the country stood was not without its influence on the writers of the period, and a flame of patriotic fervour runs through all their dramatic and poetic work. But in none was it of such a pronounced and insistent character as in the

¹ This at least must be the sane attitude of Art towards all that is best in the German race, however rigorously we may hold to our iron determination to deal with them to the uttermost in matters of commerce, international policy, and social communion.

plays of Shakespeare. He was at one with the Blue Water School; to him it was enough that the land was girt about with seas as with a "fence impregnable," "ribbed and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters," which were to it as a "wall or moat defensive to a house." Parma's flotilla of shallow boats, in which he had hoped to throw his army of fifty thousand men across the Straits, was forced to lie inactive at Antwerp, as powerless as Napoleon's at Boulogne at another time, and this cherished illusion therefore remained unbroken. The chief danger at that time was mostly apprehended from Scotland, always closely in league with France, or possibly from Ireland, ever the hotbed of rebellion. So the confidence of the land in its girdle of waters seemed justified, and the sense of security grew and deepened with the centuries, until it has become resolved into something which was hard to distinguish from national apathy. But the country was not without trouble within her own border, and Shakespeare knew the danger of divided counsels and dissension in high places. Even then the wheels of the State machinery were clogged with the tape of officialism, and progress was fettered under "inky blots and rotten parchment bonds." To Shakespeare at times no doubt it seemed that the whole land was

Full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up; . . .
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.

There were not wanting signs at times of a strong feeling of disaffection to the very person of the

sovereign. Shakespeare did not view what was passing about him unmoved or without occasional pungent comment, and it seems that even he did not look on such feelings wholly without sympathy. His *Richard II.* was not an acceptable play to the Court, and it provided the only occasion, as far as is known, on which he came under the authority of the Censor. And he laid himself open to greater risk still by reviving it in sympathy, it is thought, with Essex's plot after his return from his ill-fated expedition to Ireland,—an attempt which cost Essex his head and Shakespeare's friend and patron, Southampton, his liberty. The theatre was beginning to find its power in influencing public opinion, but it could never reach to "the mellow glory of the Attic stage,"—so mighty as a vehicle to work upon the passions of the mob, and rouse it to resistance against the greatest odds,—because the English theatre was never organized or regarded as a State institution as it was in Greece, nor were the frequenters of the Bankside of the same mental calibre with those that thronged the theatre of Dionysos. It is astonishing that, considering the far more restricted conditions under which his art was formed, the creations of Shakespeare are on as high a plane as the best of those of Æschylus and Sophocles, while in wideness of range he is far superior both to them and Aristophanes combined. It is curious, indeed, what a close analogy many of his plays present in some parts to Greek tragedy and comedy, a resemblance which cannot be wholly fortuitous and for which we must credit him with a wider classical knowledge than is usually admitted.

He is following the classical model, too, in presenting to his audience scenes from the history of their own race, and bringing before them kings and warriors with whose names and deeds they were familiar. In one play, indeed, he uses every art at his command to erect a national hero on the Greek model, and creates for us what must ever be regarded as our national epic. *Henry V.*, glorifying as it does the national prowess, and celebrating one of the brightest achievements of its arms, is a literary heritage of which any nation might well be proud. Curiously enough, too, it is in this very play that Shakespeare has adopted the convention of the Greek Chorus with such splendid effect. The play is a continuous military pageant in which the whole circumstance of war is unrolled before us, with all the episodes of siege and open battle, presenting us with soldiers of every type, high and low, brave and base. It is in fact typically English, both in its subject and its spirit; its central figure represents the English ideal of a soldier and gentleman, and it is the celebration of one of these occasions in which a little English army goes a long way, and, in defiance of every law of human probability, meets with an overwhelming success.

The knowledge of warfare that Shakespeare shows is so varied and extensive, and the use of it so frequent in his works, that it has been plausibly contended that he must have acquired it through actual experience. But if his display of learning were sufficient to warrant such a supposition, we are placed in a similar dilemma with regard to other possible

avocations he may have pursued. There is certainly no record of his having been on the Continent at any time, not even as a member of one of the strolling companies that made occasional visits to France and Germany. But in view of the three parts of *Henry VI.* and of *Richard III.*, which were composed in 1592 and 1593, and which are occupied with the wars in France, and the long struggle of the Wars of the Roses in England, it is difficult to believe that such intimate acquaintance with his subject can have been derived second-hand from books. From 1586 to 1591 his life in London is involved in obscurity, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that he might at this time have been tempted, as was Ben Jonson a little later, to "trail the puissant pike" in the Low Countries. There he certainly would have gained some practical experience of "breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades." And it is still more difficult to credit that, when in 1588 the great demi-lune of galleons stood up the reaches of the Channel in those July days, Shakespeare, then in his twenty-fifth year, was not among the first to join himself to the trained-bands drawn up under the eye of the Queen at Tilbury. This is perhaps the one matter in Shakespeare's life about which we should be genuinely glad of information, and of which perhaps some record may yet be brought to light. He certainly was acquainted with the use of the sword, and knew the mysteries of the "*punto reverso*," and the "*immortal passado*." In any case he would probably not have seen more than a year or so of service; for "gentle" Shakespeare was no swaggerer like

Jonson and Marlowe, and from 1590 onwards he must have devoted himself closely to the affairs of his theatre, and the production of his work. The soldier of that time was very much of a swash-buckler, a man who embraced the profession of arms from recklessness of temperament and sheer love of fighting. For it was an age of transition, when the old feudal levies were a thing of the past, or were represented in time of need by the county militia, and some time was yet to elapse before the modern standing army should come into existence. A professional soldier could usually find employment without much difficulty, and providing there were blows to be given, and booty to be got, he was not too nice as to the cause in which he enrolled himself. Such a soldier Shakespeare delineates for us many a time, one who, like our own Tommy Atkins, is ever cool and cheery in the face of danger, and able to rush into the fight with a jest upon his lips. In that respect, at least, the national spirit remains the same as ever, and the man-at-arms in breast-plate and morion could have hailed the man in khaki as a brother. In fact, with our modern steel sallets, the resemblance would be something more than imaginary. In many other respects too, with our return to so many devices of war long ago considered obsolete, with our trenches and elaborate methods of siege warfare, there is much nowadays that Shakespeare would not find wholly unfamiliar could he revisit the glimpses of the moon. Armies have increased in size, and guns have increased in range and effectiveness, but the methods are much

the same: entanglements, pits, screens, obstacles of all kinds, stink-bombs, trench mortars—all these were common devices in early days. Attempts had been made at aerial navigation with weird and wonderful machines; but the conquest of the air was reserved for the Age of Petrol. We even hear of revolving turrets with quick-firing guns, and submarine apparatus had been invented to enable besiegers of a fortified place to work under the moat.¹

To introduce the whole pageantry of war in every shape and form upon the stage seems to have been an underlying principle which guided Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists in the construction of their plots. In spite of the limitations of the theatre and the difficulty of obtaining appropriate scenery, in spite of the fewness of the actors, since as often as not

Two backswords eked a battle out,
Two supers made a rabble rout,—

they persisted in attempting to bring on to the stage stupendous scenes of slaughter which could never be more than a sad travesty of the reality. Shakespeare, indeed, on occasion has to call on his audience to use their imagination to the full. But the spectators were capable of making allowance for any shortcomings. They demanded action and variety, change of scene, and the continual passing of grave to gay. It was this perpetual violence and bustle of the Elizabethan drama which constituted its main difference

¹ See some curious woodcuts in a French book of 1535 belonging to Mrs. Stuart Walker of New York.

from that of Greece, which abhorred any violent physical action either on the part of its principals or chorus. But it was after all a convention which was of no small import in its aid of the workings of Nemesis according to the Elizabethan view. For it allowed the appearance of characters in moments of stress and action when they could deliver themselves of utterances which were as a flash of self-revelation. And furthermore it was doubtless due to the feeling that all things must eventually come to the stern arbitrament of war, that the spirit of man is untried until it has been tested and tempered in that fiery ordeal, and that all human glory is worthless beside that which covers the hero in the hour of victory. It was this attitude towards war, when it was still generally received as an inseparable and determining factor in the scheme of things, that caused Shakespeare to make it so prominent and paint it in such glowing colours. And as we turn his pages what a long procession of warriors of every age and type defiles before us,—from the mythical heroes of Greece and Rome to the steel-clad knights and men-at-arms of the fifteenth century, soldiers of every condition, from the very off-scourings of the camp, such as the pusillanimous Pistol and Parolles and the evil-tongued Thersites, to the high and resolute courage of men such as Brutus and Cassius, as Hotspur, Warwick, and the younger Clifford, until we are given the noblest exemplars of every military virtue in such heroic characters as Coriolanus, and those especially honoured by our nation, King Henry V. and John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Verily there is much here that may

"be copy now to men of grosser blood and teach them how to war" in an age when the trump of war sounds strangely on the ear, and when it is fitting we should again be put in mind of the achievements of our forefathers.



Out of this wondrous treasury of wisdom, with which we have been dowered, it is possible to draw a commentary suitable to every human occasion. No other book presents such a boundless scope, and from none can the *sortes* with such propriety be cast. Shakespeare wrote in a stirring time, when the sound of war was common in men's ears, and in a day when the world is again convulsed and society is again in the process of reconstruction, his utterances acquire a freshness and a force that immeasurably enhance their appeal. I have attempted, therefore, to gather together from the plays such fragments as seemed most pertinent to the present time, and have endeavoured to arrange them so that as far as possible the sense should be continuous. In the section entitled "*Alarums and Excursions*" I have aimed at grouping the extracts in such a way that, read as a whole, they may present the continuous progress of a battle. I have not by any means given here all that Shakespeare has written cognate to the subject of war. To do that with regard to a subject with which so many of his plays exclusively deal, and which enters in a greater or less degree into such a large proportion of them, would have necessitated lifting whole scenes from the plays in such a manner

as would have defeated the end I had in view. It has been necessary, I fear, to strain the interpretation considerably in many instances, and I trust I may be forgiven for investing our great poet in such a motley garb of "shreds and patches," wherein to speak to us across the centuries. I trust I shall not hereby have incurred the wrath of the poet's indignant spirit, which he is represented as pouring out on such as tamper with his work, and that he would deem it

Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice
Than thus be patched and cobbled in one's grave.

The making of this little collection has been inspired solely by a lifelong devotion to his work.

F. C.

HUGHENDEN,

April 23rd, 1916.

I

“THE SWELLING SCENE”

Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it.

Henry VIII., Prologue.

I

“THE SWELLING SCENE”

“O WOEFUL TIME!”

O ! pity, God, this miserable age.
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !¹

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
 No certain life achiev'd by other's death.²

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.³

I always thought
 It was both impious and unnatural
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should reign among professors of one faith.⁴

In cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces,
 treason ; and the bond cracked between son and
 father.⁵

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
 And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
 That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.⁶

¹ 3 *Henry VI.*, II. v.² *King John*, IV. ii.³ *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.⁴ 1 *Henry VI.*, V. i.⁵ *King Lear*, I. ii.⁶ *King John*, III. iv.

We need no grave to bury honesty :
 There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.¹

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.²

Heaven hath a hand in these events
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.³

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.⁴

Since arms avail not . . .
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead.⁵

Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !⁶

"THE DOGS OF WAR."

Cry "Havoc !" and let slip the dogs of war !⁷

Speak, who began this ? On thy love, I charge thee.
 I do not know ; friends all but now, even now,
 . . . and then, but now,—
 As if some planet had unwitted men,—
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody.⁸

¹ *Winter's Tale*, II. i.

² *Hamlet*, II. ii.

³ *Richard II.*, V. ii.

⁴ *As You Like It*, II. vii.

⁵ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.

⁶ *King John*, II. i.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁸ *Othello*, II. iii.

Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.¹

Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.²

Let order die !

And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !³

Here have we war for war and blood for blood.⁴

¹ *Coriolanus*, IV. v.

² *Coriolanus*, IV. v.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, I. i.

⁴ *King John*, I. i.

II

“THIS SCEPTER'D ISLE”

II

“THIS SCEPTER'D ISLE”

ENGLAND.

That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
— That England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walléd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes.¹

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth, . . .
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world. . . .
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.²

¹ *King John*, II. i.

² *Richard II.*, II. i.

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.¹

You must not think
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger
 And think it pastime.²

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name
 But with our sword we wiped away the blot :
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
 And I proclaimed a coward thro' the world.³

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars.⁴

What ! Shall they seek the lion in his den
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
 O ! let it not be said.⁵

Our King has all the Indies in his arms.⁶

Britain is
 A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.⁷

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the topmast.⁸

¹ *Macbeth*, IV. i.

² *Hamlet*, IV. vii.

³ ² *Henry VI.*, IV. i.

⁴ *Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁵ *King John*, V. i.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, IV. i.

⁷ *Cymbeline*, III. i.

⁸ *Cymbeline*, III. i.

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.¹

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !²

THIS ENGLAND NEVER DID, NOR NEVER SHALL,
LIE AT THE PROUD FOOT OF A CONQUEROR,
BUT WHEN IT FIRST DID HELP TO WOUND ITSELF. . . .
COME THE THREE CORNERS OF THE WORLD IN ARMS,
AND WE SHALL SHOCK THEM. NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US
RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.³

THE ENGLISH.

O ! noble English ! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action.
Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats !⁴

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?⁵

Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

¹ *Richard II.*, III. ii.

² *Henry VI.*, I. i.

³ *King John*, V. 7.

⁴ *Henry V.*, I. ii.

⁵ I *Henry VI.*, I. ii.

Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.¹

The citizens

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward.²

You shall hear

The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,—
Now winged,—with their courage will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.³

I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in
a good quarrel, and the law on my side.⁴

If we be English deer, be then in blood ;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.⁵

Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.⁶

If the English had any apprehension they would run
away.—That they lack.—The island of England
breeds very valiant creatures.⁷

¹ *Henry V.*, IV. iii.

² *Henry VIII.*, IV. i.

³ *Cymbeline*, II. iv.

⁴ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv.

⁵ *Henry VI.*, IV. ii.

⁶ *Cymbeline*, V. iii.

⁷ *Henry V.*, III. vii.

Your German and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain.¹

Where have they this mettle ?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns.²

In brief, we are the King of England's subjects :
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.³

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.⁴

ENGLAND AT WAR.

Tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land ;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week ?⁵

'Tis time to look about ; the powers of
The kingdom approach apace.
The arbitrament is like to be bloody.⁶

¹ *Othello*, II. iii.

² *Henry V.*, III. v.

³ *King John* II., I.

⁴ *Much Ado*, IV. i.

⁵ *Hamlet*, I. i.

⁶ *King Lear*, IV. vii.

O ! where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
 Where hath it slept ? . . .
 That such an army could be drawn in France
 And (we) not hear of it.¹

He'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,
 Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence.²

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
 Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,
 And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence.³

It fits us therefore ripely
 Our chariots and horsemen be in readiness,
 The powers that he already hath in Gallia
 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
 His war for Britain.⁴

This, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparation,
 The source of this our watch and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.⁵

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.⁶

I have in equal balance justly weighed
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.⁷

¹ *King John*, IV. ii.

² *Pericles*, I. ii.

³ *Pericles*, I. ii.

⁴ *Cymbeline*, III. v.

⁵ *Hamlet*, I. i.

⁶ *2 Henry VI.*, III. ii.

⁷ *2 Henry IV.*, IV. i.

We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.¹

No blown ambition doth our arms incite.²

Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To arms invasive?³

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?⁴

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.⁵

Bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.⁶

England is safe, if true within itself.
Yes, but the safer when 'tis backed with France.⁷

If we . . .

Cannot defend our own shores from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.⁸

My honour's at the stake, which to defend
I must produce my power.⁹

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy . . .
To chase these pagans.¹⁰

¹ *King Lear*, V. iii.

² *King Lear*, IV. iv.

³ *King John*, V. i.

⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

⁷ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. i.

⁸ *Henry V.*, I. i.

⁹ *All's Well*, II. iii.

¹⁰ *I Henry IV.*, I. i.

Haste is needful in this desperate case.
 Go levy men and make prepare for war :
 They are already, or quickly will be, landed.¹

Command our present numbers
 Be mustered ; bid the captains look to't.²

Let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings.³

Though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt :
 If they miscarry, their's shall second them ;
 And no success of mischief shall be born,
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up—
 Whiles England shall have generation.⁴

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower safety.⁵

Ere this year expire
 We bear our civil swords and native fire
 As far as France.⁶

Many a battle have I won in France,
 When as the enemy hath been ten to one :
 Why should I not now have the like success ?⁷

Let us be backed with God and with the seas
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves :
 In these and in ourselves our safety lies.⁸

¹ 3 *Henry VI.*, IV. i.

² *Cymbeline*, IV. ii.

³ *Henry V.*, I. ii.

⁴ 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii.

⁵ 1 *Henry IV.*, III. iii.

⁶ 2 *Henry IV.*, V. v.

⁷ 3 *Henry VI.*, I. ii.

⁸ 3 *Henry VI.*, IV. i.

Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men.¹

Then forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ! the signs of war advance.²

Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.³

See them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover ; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.⁴

Well may we fight for her whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.⁵

I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.⁶

Let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.⁷

"MICHING MALLECHO."

What news abroad ?
No news so bad abroad as this at home.⁸

Mischief, thou art afoot !⁹

¹ *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii.

² *Henry V.*, II. ii.

³ *I Henry IV.*, V. ii.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, V. ii.

⁵ *Troilus and Cressida*, II. ii.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, III. ii.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

⁸ *Richard III.*, I. i.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.

The life, the right and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
 The unow'd interest of proud swelling state.
 Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits, . . .
 The imminent decay of wretched pomp.
 Now happy, he whose cloak and ceinture can
 Hold out this tempest.¹

Our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
 Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
 Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
 Swarming with caterpillars.²

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !³

We are all diseased ;
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it.⁴

The present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be administered
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.⁵

¹ *King John*, IV. iii.

² *Richard II.*, III. iv.

³ *Henry V.*, II. Chorus.

⁴ *2 Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁵ *King John*, V. i.

In France among a fickle wavering nation
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked ?¹

You perceive the body of our kingdom.
How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger near the heart of it.
It is but as a body, yet, distempered,
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine.²

Are you sure
That we are awake ? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.³

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.⁴

If thou be'st not immortal, look about you :
Security gives way to conspiracy.⁵

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care
Shake off slumber and beware :

Awake, awake !⁶

We are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.⁷

¹ *i Henry VI.*, IV. i.

² *2 Henry IV.*, III. i.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i.

⁴ *Tempest*, II. i.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, II. iii.

⁶ *Tempest*, II. i.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. i.

Who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.¹

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way.²

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou . . .
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.³

The trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and
by Christ, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all.—'Tis
shame to stand still;—and there is throats to be cut,
and works to be done, and there is nothing done.⁴

. . . The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.⁵

THE NATION AND THE GOVERNMENT. (*A Dialogue.*)

JOHN BULL (*loquitur*):

Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.⁶

¹ *King Lear*, III. i.

² *Henry V.*, II. ii.

³ *3 Henry VI.*, III. iii.

⁴ *Henry V.*, III. ii.

⁵ *Macbeth*, V. iv.

⁶ *King John*, IV. ii.

Tell us how near is danger
That we may arm us to encounter it.¹

GOVERNMENT (*loquitur*):

I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves.²

JOHN BULL :

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wandered with our traversed arms, and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more."³

I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay.⁴

Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore speak !⁵

Bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses
Which craves the instant use.⁶

GOVERNMENT :

Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.⁷

¹ *Richard II.*, V. iii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, I. iii.

³ *Timon of Athens*, V. iv.

⁴ *Richard III.*, IV. iii.

⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.

⁶ *King Lear*, II. i.

⁷ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii.

JOHN BULL :

We play the fools with the time, and the spirits
Of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.¹

While we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost.²

I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition.³

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.⁴

GOVERNMENT :

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the *cost* of the erection.⁵

JOHN BULL :

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.⁶

Promising is the very air of the time ; performance is ever
the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and
simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out
of use.⁷

¹ 2 *Henry IV.*, II. ii.

² *Richard III.*, IV. iv.

³ 1 *Henry IV.*, IV. iii.

⁴ 1 *Henry IV.*, III. i.

⁵ 2 *Henry IV.*, I. iii.

⁶ *Macbeth*, V. v.

⁷ *Timon of Athens*, V. i.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals :
One would have lingering wars with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility !¹

GOVERNMENT :

This is it ;
'Tis better that the enemy seek us.
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers
Doing himself offence. Whilst we, lying still,
Are full of zest, defence, and nimbleness.²

JOHN BULL :

Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of ; come more, for more you're
ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.³

GOVERNMENT :

We shall further think on't.

(Aside)

We must do something, and i' the heat.⁴

If we stand still,

In fear our motion will be laughed or carped at.
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.⁵

¹ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.

² *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

³ *Cymbeline*, IV. iii.

⁴ *King Lear*, I. i.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, I. ii.

We

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.¹

JOHN BULL :

Be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.²

The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic ; he cross'd himself by 't ; and I cannot think
but in the end the villainies of man will set him clear.³

PESSIMISM.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?
It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And I believe will never stand upright.⁴

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.⁵

We have seen the best of our time : machinations,
hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow
us disquietly to our graves.⁶

Past and to come seem best ; things present worst.⁷

For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.⁸

¹ *I Henry IV.*, IV. i.

² *Macbeth*, V. vii.

³ *Timon of Athens*, III. iii.

⁴ *Richard III.*, III. i.

⁵ *Richard II.*, II. ii.

⁶ *King Lear*, I. ii.

⁷ *2 Henry IV.*, I. iii.

⁸ *Richard II.*, II. ii.

If we should fail,—

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.¹

OPTIMISM.

When Fortune means to men most good
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.²

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.³

Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form.⁴

Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long that never finds the day !⁵

¹ *Macbeth*, I. vii.

² *King John*, III. iv.

³ *Macbeth*, IV. ii.

⁴ *Richard II.*, II. ii.

⁵ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

III

“THIS CONFEDERACY”

III

“THIS CONFEDERACY”

FRANCE.

France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier.¹

How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

I thank your Grace,
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.²

The apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.³

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.⁴

Look on fertile France
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes.⁵

Line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant.⁶

From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.⁷

¹ *King John*, II. i. ² *Henry VIII.*, I. i.
Hamlet, I. iii. ⁴ *Henry VIII.*, I. iii. ⁵ *I Henry VI.*, III. iii.
⁶ *Henry V.*, II. iv. ⁷ *King John*, II. i.

Victory, with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French.¹

ENGLISH AND FRENCH ALLIANCE.

Two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.²
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him.³

Having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again.⁴

Yet to have joined with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms.⁵

Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.⁶

This alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household's rancour to pure love.⁷

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ;
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness.⁸

Whose powers are these? . . . How purposed, sir, I pray
you?—

Against some part of Poland. . . .

¹ *King John*, II. I.

² *Henry V.*, Chorus.

³ *Henry VIII.*, I. i.

⁴ *3 Henry VI.*, II. vi.

⁵ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. i.

⁶ *Richard III.*, IV. iv.

⁷ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii.

⁸ *Hamlet*, II. ii.

Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or for some frontier?—

Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground. . . .
Why, then the Polack never will defend it.—
Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.¹

If you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once :
She's with the lion deeply still in league.²

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.³

BELGIUM.

Since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.⁴

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends
As it disanimates his enemies.⁵

Now, he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip.⁶

¹ *Hamlet*, IV. iv.

² *Titus Andronicus*, IV. i.

³ *3 Henry VI.*, II. i.

⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁵ *1 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁶ *Coriolanus*, IV. vi.

He is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war.¹
 God for his mercy ! What a tide of woes
 Comes rushing on this woful land at once !²
 If thou fail us, all our hope is done. . . .
 Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.³

* * * * *

What he hath won that hath he fortified.⁴
 O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.⁵
 All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country.⁶
 All her husbandry doth lie on heaps
 Corrupting in its own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleached,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and wild fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery ; . . .
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood.⁷

¹ *Richard II.*, III. iii.

² *Richard II.*, II. ii.

³ *3 Henry VI.*, III. iii.

⁴ *King John*, III. iv.

⁵ *3 Henry VI.*, II. v.

⁶ *Tempest*, V. i.

⁷ *Henry V.*, V. i.

O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?¹

We shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.²

BELGIUM TO GERMANY.

I do protest I never injured thee !³

I never hurt you :
You drew your sword upon me without cause ;
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.⁴

I have a king's oath to the contrary !⁵

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.⁶

So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty ;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.⁷

A plague o' both your Houses.⁸

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO.

Alas ! poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;

¹ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

² *Richard II.*, II. i.

³ *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i.

⁴ *Twelfth-Night*, V. i.

⁵ *King John*, III. i.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁷ *3 Henry VI.*, I. iv.

⁸ *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i.

Whose sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for whom.¹

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds : I think withal
 There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands.²

I am able now, methinks,—
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,—
 To endure more mercies and greater far
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.³

As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend.⁴
 Revenges burn in them ; for their dear causes
 Would to the bleeding and the grim a larm
 Excite the mortified man.⁵

The article of my oath,
 To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
 The which you both denied,—neglected, rather.⁶

BRITAIN TO SERBIA.

I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. . . .
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after.⁷

¹ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

² *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

³ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, IV. ii.

⁵ *Macbeth*, V. ii.

⁶ *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii.

⁷ *Timon of Athens*, I. i.

Who lined himself with hope
Eating the air on promise of supply.¹

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.²

In a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.³

¹ 2 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. ² *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

³ 2 *Henry IV.*, I. iii.

IV

“THE SKILFUL AND BLOODY
OPPOSITE”

IV

"THE SKILFUL AND BLOODY OPPOSITE"

GERMANY.

Since kings break faith upon Commodity
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!¹

My more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.²

What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our
power to account?³

Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.⁴

How like you the young German?

. . . When he is best, he is a little worse than a man,
And when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.⁵

(MADE IN GERMANY.)

A German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
And being watch'd that it may still go right!⁶

¹ *King John*, II. i.

² *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

³ *Macbeth*, V. i.

⁴ *Cymbeline*, II. i.

⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, I. ii.

⁶ *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i.

Germania :

The hour is come
To end the one of us ; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !¹

Britannia :

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.²

GERMAN “LIARLESS.”

The English Army is grown weak and faint ; . . .
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.³

The famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves :
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drownéd mice.⁴

All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle ; London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the —— and his powers.⁵

¹ *Tempest*, III. iii.

² *I Henry IV*. V. iv.

³ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, I. ii.

⁵ *King John*, V. i.

DER TAG UND KULTUR.

What hath this DAY deserv'd? what hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?¹

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war.²

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote
To *fright* them, ere destroy.³

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor.⁴

GERMAN ARMY.

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.⁵

LANDSTÜRM AND LANDWEHR.

I did never see such pitiful rascals.
Tut, tut, good enough to toss : food for powder, food for
powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better ; tush, man,
mortal men, mortal men.⁶

¹ *King John*, III. i.

² *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

³ *Coriolanus*, IV. v.

⁴ *Macbeth*, I. vii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

⁶ I *Henry IV.*, IV. ii.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms.¹

The flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.²

KRUPP GUNS.

This . . . will carry . . . twenty mile, as easy as a cannon
 will shoot point-blank twelve score.³

GERMAN AIRMEN.

Infected be the air whereon they ride
 And damn'd all those that trust them !⁴

BRITAIN TO GERMANY.

O, monstrous treachery ! Can this be so,
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile ?⁵

What these Christians are,
 Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others.⁶

¹ *Richard II.*, III. ii.

² *Henry V.*, III. iii.

³ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. ii.

⁴ *Macbeth*, IV. i.

⁵ *I Henry VI.*, IV.

⁶ *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii.

I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.¹

O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of
your necks, and make but an interior survey of your
good selves. O ! that you could.²

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.³

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages.⁴

Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee !⁵
Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flattered.⁶

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power.⁷

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountains' top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.⁸

If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.⁹

¹ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

² *Coriolanus*, II. i.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii.

⁵ *Timon of Athens*, I. i.

⁶ *King Lear*, IV. i.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁸ *Timon of Athens*, I. i.

⁹ *King Lear*, V. i.

Then if you can blush and cry “ guilty ”—
You’ll show a little honesty.¹

AUSTRIA, TURKEY, BULGARIA AND THE BALKANS.

AUSTRIA.

O, Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villainy
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !²

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.³

Where got’st thou that goose look ?⁴

Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.⁵

All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ’gins to bite the spirits.⁶

BULGARIA.

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.⁷

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude !⁸

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *King John*, III. i.

³ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iv.

⁴ *Macbeth*, V. iii.

⁵ *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, III. ii.

⁶ *Tempest*, III. iii.

⁷ *Henry VIII.*, V. i.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, I. i.

THE BALKANS.

So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.¹

Tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.²

¹ *Coriolanus*, IV. iv.

² *Richard II.*, IV. i.

V

“IMPERIOUS CÆSAR”

V

“IMPERIOUS CÆSAR”

THE KAISER WILHELM II.

He is their god : he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than Nature.¹

He wants nothing of a god, but eternity and a heaven to
 throne in.²

In his forehead sits

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.³

At his heels,

Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire,
 Crouch for employment.⁴

Before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
 tears.⁵

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.⁶

Head to foot

Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous and damned light
 To their vile murders.⁷

¹ *Coriolanus*, IV. vi.

² *Coriolanus*, V. iv.

³ *King John*, V. ii.

⁴ *Henry V.*, I. Chorus.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, II. i.

⁶ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁷ *Hamlet*, II. ii.

Not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war.¹

I told him of the army that was landed.
 He smiled at it.²

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking . . .
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleaguéd with the dream of his advantage.³

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.⁴

Man, proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As makes the angels weep.⁵

I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.⁶

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick ;

¹ *Coriolanus*, IV. vii.

³ *Hamlet*, I. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

² *King Lear*, III. ii.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, I. i.

And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.¹

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.²

Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as
Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary . . .
that he keep his vow and his oath.³

He had a fever . . .

And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan.⁴

Now does he feel his secret murders sticking on his
hands.⁵

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the
dignity of the whole body.⁶

O ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.⁷

I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and
give it his son for an apple.

And, sowing the kernel of it in the sea, bring forth more
islands.⁸

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.⁹

The welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.¹⁰

¹ *Tempest*, IV. i.

² *Henry V.*, IV. vii.

³ *Macbeth*, V. ii.

⁴ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

⁵ *Hamlet*, III. i.

⁶ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. iv.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

⁸ *Macbeth*, V. i.

⁹ *Tempest*, II. i.

¹⁰ *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.¹

THE KAISER'S SOLILOQUY.

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.²

O ! that I were a god to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.³

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.⁴

I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.⁵

I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.⁶

(I will) translate thy life into death, thy liberty into
bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in basti-
nado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I
will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a
hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble.⁷

I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.⁸

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *King John*, III. i.

³ *2 Henry VI.*, IV. i.

⁴ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁵ *King Lear*, II. iv.

⁶ *As you Like It*, II. vii.

⁷ *As you Like It*, V. i.

⁸ *Macbeth*, V. v.

The world's mine oyster
Which I with sword will open.¹
Let not light see my black and deep desires.²
I, I, I, myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on
the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neces-
sity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch.³
France, friend with England, what becomes of me?⁴
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.⁵
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell!⁶

My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions.⁷
Defacing monuments of conquered France.⁸
I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved
With English faces.⁹

(N.B.—*This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein!*)¹⁰

THE KAISER TO HIS TROOPS.

Chosen from above
By inspiration of celestial grace
To work exceeding miracles on earth. . . .
I am not in roll of common men!¹¹

¹ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. ² *Macbeth*, I. iv.

³ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. ⁴ *King John*, III. i.

⁵ *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁶ *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁷ *Tempest*, III. iii.

⁸ *2 Henry VI.*, I. i.

⁹ *Henry V.*, III. vii.

¹⁰ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. ii.

¹¹ *I Henry VI.*, V. iv.

At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.¹

I have bedimmed

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.²

Though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe.³

My state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers.⁴
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France
For ere thou canst report, I will be there.
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.⁵

Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Influence too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.⁶

Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is ; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword.⁷

And now to Paris in this conquering vein.⁸
On toward Calais, ho !⁹

¹ *I Henry IV.*, III. i.

² *Tempest*, V. i.

³ *Twelfth Night*, V. i.

⁴ *King John*, IV. ii.

⁵ *King John*, I. i.

⁶ *Pericles*, IV. i.

⁷ *King Lear*, V. iii.

⁸ *I Henry VI.*, IV. vii.

* *King John*, III. iii.

THE KAISER TO BELGIUM.

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise.¹

Bring me into your city.

And I will use the olive with my sword ;
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.²

The people . . .

Do stand but in a forc'd affection
For they have grudged us contribution.³

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.⁴

If you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment even with the earth,
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.⁵

BRITAIN TO THE KAISER.

The eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace.⁶

The pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths :
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them.⁷

¹ *Hamlet*, II. ii.

² *Timon of Athens*, V. iv.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁵ *I Henry VI.*, IV. ii.

⁶ *Richard II.*, I. iii.

⁷ *Henry VIII.*, I. ii.

Herein you war against your reputation.¹

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.²

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?³

You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.⁴

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?⁵

O ! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.⁶

King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, . . .

That head of thine doth not become a crown.⁷

Alas ! How should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors?⁸

Thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !⁹

¹ *Comedy of Errors*, III. i.

² *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i.

³ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i.

⁴ *Coriolanus*, III. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

⁶ *Richard II.*, II. i.

⁷ *2 Henry VI.*, V. i.

⁸ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. iii.

⁹ *Richard III.*, I. iii.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.¹

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.²

Had you not lately an intent . . .
To go to Paris ?³

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.⁴

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer . . . the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses.⁵

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under writ,
"Here may you see the tyrant."⁶

THE KAISER'S SOLILOQUY (LATER).

Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.⁷

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.⁸

¹ *Rape of Lucrece*, 909.

² *I Henry VI.*, IV. ii.

³ *All's Well that ends Well*, I. iii.

⁴ *Henry V.*, IV. iii.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, V. iii.

⁶ *Macbeth*, V. vii.

⁷ *King John*, V. vii.

⁸ *Macbeth*, II. ii.

O ! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation.¹

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.²

I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.³

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
 And from that full meridian of my glory.
 I haste now to my setting.⁴

All my glories

In that one woman * I have lost for ever.⁵

O ! would the deed were good ;
 For now the devil, that told me I did well,
 Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.⁶

Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have.⁷

There is no creature loves me
 And if I die, no soul will pity me.⁸

I'll be wise hereafter
 And seek for grace.⁹

* Miss Edith Cavell.

¹ *King John*, IV. ii.

² *Hamlet*, III. i.

³ *Macbeth*, I. vii.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁶ *Richard II.*, V. v.

⁷ *Macbeth*, V. iii.

⁸ *Richard III.*, V. iii.

⁹ *Tempest*, V. i.

VI

“ABSTRACTS AND BRIEF
CHRONICLES OF THE TIME”

VI

“ABSTRACTS AND BRIEF CHRONICLES OF THE TIME”

I. AT HOME.

PUBLISHED DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE ALLIES AND GERMANY.

So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your——part ; black and fearful
On the opposer.¹

Tut, tut ! here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye can find it out.
—And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.²

Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device ? ³

Much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.⁴

¹ *All's Well*, III. i.

² *I Henry VI.*, II. iv.

³ *Richard III.*, III. vi.

⁴ *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii.

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd? . . .
 Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.¹
 Reprove my allegation if you can
 Or else conclude my words effectual.²

KITCHENER'S ARMIES.

Now all the youth of England are on fire!³
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?⁴
 He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth.⁵
 What! standest thou still, and hearest such a calling?⁶
 You see how men of merit are sought after . . . the
 undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called
 on.⁷
 I serve here voluntary.⁸
 Give me my steeléd coat, I'll fight for France.⁹
 We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth
 From whence we had our being and our birth.¹⁰
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead!¹¹

¹ *I Henry VI.*, III. i.² *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.³ *Henry V.*, II. Chorus.⁴ *Henry V.*, III. Chorus.⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. i.⁶ *I Henry IV.*, II. iv.⁷ *2 Henry IV.*, II. iv.⁸ *Troilus and Cressida*, II. i.⁹ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.¹⁰ *Pericles*, I. ii.¹¹ *Cymbeline*, IV. iv.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide.¹

MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS AND MUNITION-WORKERS.

All is uneven
And every thing is left at six and seven.²
I'll to the Tower, with all haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munitions.³

(VOLUNTARY WORKERS.)

I'll employ thee too ;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.⁴

WOMEN WORKERS AND THE RED CROSS.

We have willing dames enough.⁵

Nay, ladies, fear not
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.⁶

O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in
the market-place. . . . But manhood is melted into
curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only
turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now
as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears
it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will
die a woman with grieving.⁷

She'll be a soldier too ; she'll to the wars !⁸

¹ *King John*, II. i.

² *Richard II.*, II. ii.

³ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.

⁴ *As you Like It*, III. v.

⁵ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, I. iv.

⁷ *Much Ado about Nothing*, IV. i.

⁸ *I Henry IV.*, III. i.

And you degenerate, . . . blush for shame ;
 For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.¹

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out.²

From day to day,
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be, . . .
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
 To move wild laughter in the throat of death !³

Let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents. . . .
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape.⁴

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his heart with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.⁵

(LADY PAGET.)

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,—
 More than in women commonly is seen.⁶

Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you !⁷

¹ *King John*, V. ii.

² *Henry V.*, III. v.

³ *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

⁴ *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii.

⁵ *3 Henry VI.*, V. iv.

⁶ *I Henry VI.*, V. v.

⁷ *Coriolanus*, V. iv.

NATIONAL LOAN AND WAR TAXES.

How shall we do for money for these wars?¹

Go forth,

Try what my credit can in Venice do.

That shall be racked, even to the uttermost.²

Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France.³

(*Foreign Exchanges.*)

I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets.⁴

The word is "Pitch and Pay."⁵

This . . . will raise the price of hogs ; if we all grow to
be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on
the coals for money.⁶

Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen,
and they often give us soldiers the lie ; but we pay
them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel.⁷

(*Government Contractors.*)

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.⁸

NEWS AGENCIES.

I from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencéd on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,

¹ *Richard II.*, II. ii.

² *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.

³ *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁴ *As You Like It*, III. v.

⁵ *Henry V.*, II. iv.

⁶ *Merchant of Venice*, III. v.

⁷ *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.

⁸ *Richard III.*, III. iii.

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity
 Under the smile of safety wounds the world :
 . . . Who but only I,
 Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence.¹

RUMOURS.

A mess of Russians left us but of late—
 How, Madam, Russians ?—Aye, in truth, my lord.²

Eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.³

— from Belgia,
 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas.⁴

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.⁵

What hear you of these wars ?
 I hear there is an overture of peace.⁶

THE PRESS AND THE CENSORSHIP.

The Times and titles now are altered strangely.⁷

What news in thy paper ?
 The blackest news that ever thou heardest.
 Why, man, how black ?
 Why, as black as ink.⁸

¹ 2 *Henry IV.*, Prol.

² *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

³ *Richard II.*, II. i.

⁴ 3 *Henry VI.*, IV. viii.

⁵ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i.

⁶ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii.

⁷ *Henry VIII.*, IV. ii.

⁸ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i.

(*Giving papers*)

Read o'er this ;
And after, this ; (*giving others*) and then to breakfast
with
What appetite you have.¹

Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
But if you be afeared to hear the worst
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.²

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss !
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.³

My ears are stopped and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Besmeared and overstained
With slaughter's pencil.⁵

O ! I am ignorance itself in this.⁶

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of : some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.⁷

Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.⁸

The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.⁹

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *King John*, IV. ii.

³ *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii.

⁴ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i.

⁵ *King John*, III. i.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, III. i.

⁷ *Tempest*, V. i.

⁸ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. v.

⁹ *King Lear*, V. iii.

CRITICS.

There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion.
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.¹

A fellow . . .

That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the togéd consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership.²

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war.³

SPIES AND TRAITORS.

I fear I am attended by some spies.⁴

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none conspiracy ;
 Hide it in smiles and affability.⁵

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.

² *Othello*, I. i.

³ *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii.

⁴ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. i

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.¹

Away, and mock the time with fairest show ;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.³

Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.⁴

Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy.⁵

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.⁶

The general is content to spare thee yet ;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.⁷

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.⁸

If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us.⁹

Hard fate ! he might have died at war.¹⁰

¹ *Macbeth*, I. iv.

² *Macbeth*, I. vii.

³ *King Lear*, IV. vi.

⁴ *As You Like It*, I. iii.

⁵ *Tempest*, I. ii.

⁶ *2 Henry VI.*, IV. ix.

⁷ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. i.

⁸ *Cymbeline*, II. iv.

⁹ *Henry VIII.*, I. ii.

¹⁰ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

He deserved his death ;
 And your Graces both have well proceeded
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.¹
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.²

THE ALIEN PERIL.

O ! let me have no subject enemies
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.³

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin.⁴

Sought to entrap me by intelligence, . . .
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
 This head of safety.⁵

His forward voice now is to speak well of his friends ; his
 backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract.⁶

If we suffer—

Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness.⁷

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
 Most true ; the law shall bruise him.⁸

¹ *Richard III.*, III. v.

² *King John*, IV. i.

³ *King John*, IV. ii.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁵ *I Henry IV.*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Tempest*, II. ii.

⁷ *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

⁸ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

God keep me from false friends !¹

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

A night-watch constable, . . .
Than whom no mortal so magnificent.²

I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer ; and which is more, a householder, . . . and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.³

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?⁴

Who think you the most desartless man to be constable ? . . . Well, for your writing and reading let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. . . . You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

How, if he will not stand ?

Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. . . .

If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

The watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night.

Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all go to bed.⁵

¹ *Richard III.*, III. i.

² *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i.

³ *Much Ado about Nothing*, IV. ii.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁵ *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. iii.

For this relief much thanks ; 'tis bitter cold
 And I am sick at heart.
 Have you had quiet guard ?

Not a mouse stirring.

Well, good-night. If you do meet
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.¹

VOLUNTEER DEFENCE CORPS (G.R.).

By these badges understand the *King*.²

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger.³

ZEPPELIN RAIDS.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
 And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
 That time best fits the work we have in hand.⁴

Fill me from the crown to the toe-top full
 Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse
 That no compunctionous visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose.⁵

For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.⁶

What a fearful night is this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.⁷

¹ *Hamlet*, I. i.

² *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁴ *2 Henry VI.*, I. iv.

⁵ *Macbeth*, I. iv.

⁶ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.

⁷ *Julius Caesar*, I. iii.

Never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.¹

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief.²

I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.³

'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.⁴

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war. . . .
The noise of battle hurtled in the air.⁵

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.⁶

Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, . . .
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone.⁷

Many have their giddy brains knock'd out ;
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.⁸

The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.⁹

¹ *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii.

² *King John*, III. ii.

³ *Tempest*, II. i.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, II. ii.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii.

⁸ *I Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

The wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 . . . I never
 Remember to have heard ; man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction nor the fear.¹

The night has been unruly : where we lay,
 Our chimneys were blown down ; . . .
 'Twas a rough night
 My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.²

Old men and beldames in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
 And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist,
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.³

What ! all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop !⁴

O ! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of,
 Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
 No man had prophesied revenge for it.⁵

Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven.⁶

We make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into
 seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves
 to an unknown fear.⁷

¹ *King Lear*, III. ii.

² *Macbeth*, II. iii.

³ *King John*, IV. ii.

⁴ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁵ *Richard III.*, I. iii.

⁶ *King John*, II. i.

⁷ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii.

ALLEGED GERMAN ATROCITIES.

O ! this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.¹

O cruel, irreligious piety !
Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?²

O ! forfend it, God
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.³

The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.⁴

Such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.⁵

In this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury.⁶

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a
male tiger ; that shall our poor city find !⁷

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.⁸

¹ *Henry VIII.*, II. i.

² *Titus Andronicus*, I. i.

³ *Richard II.*, IV. i. .

⁴ *Richard III.*, IV. iii.

⁵ *Pericles*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Coriolanus*, V. v.

⁷ *Coriolanus*, V. iv.

⁸ *King Lear*, IV. ii.

EXPULSION OF KAISER AND ENEMY PRINCES FROM
THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O impious act including all foul harms !¹

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.²

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no ?³

“PETROGRAD” AND ALTERATION OF STREET NAMES.

I know it,
But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
Is fresh about me.⁴

¹ *The Rape of Lucrece*, 197.

³ *I Henry VI.*, IV. i.

² *I Henry VI.*, IV. i.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, IV. i.

COALITION GOVERNMENT AND ITS CRITICS.

How, in one house,
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible!¹
While that the arméd hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.²

These promises are fair, the parties sure
And our induction full of prosperous hope.³

(*Government Critics.*)

Little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are
most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the
fashion, and so berattle the common stages,—so they
call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of
goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.⁴

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.⁵

The caterpillars of the commonwealth.⁶

LORD HALDANE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HERR
BALLIN.

I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart
And not from one oppos'd.⁷

¹ *King Lear*, II. iv.

² *Henry V.*, I. ii.

³ *I Henry IV.*, III. i.

⁴ *Hamlet*, II. ii.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, III. i.

⁶ *King Richard II.*, II. iii.

⁷ *King Lear*, III. vii.

Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?
 I know no news, my lord.
 The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself.
 I beseech you, sir, pardon me . . . I find it not fit for
 your o'erlooking.
 Give me the letter, sir.
 I shall offend either to detain it or give it.
 Let's see, let's see.¹

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides ;
 Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.²

INTERNATIONAL WAR COUNCIL OF THE ALLIES.

Let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out
 And let us presently go sit in council.³

EARLY CLOSING AND LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

Thou must not walk too late.⁴

But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more pay-
 ments, fear no more tavern bills ; which are as often
 the sadness of "parting" as the procuring of mirth.⁵

THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

Come, let us take a muster speedily.⁶

Here is the scroll of every man's name.⁷

¹ *King Lear*, I. ii.

² *King Lear*, I. i.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. i.

⁴ *Macbeth*, III. vi.

⁵ *Cymbeline*, V. 4.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁷ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. ii.

PEACE AGITATORS (U.D.C.) AND MR. FORD'S MISSION.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen be rul'd by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed.¹

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war.²

. . . Tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace.³
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.⁴

Pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.⁵

* * * * *

What ! Drawn and talk of peace ? I hate the word.⁶
God help, poor souls ! How idly do they talk !⁷
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.⁸
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?⁹

WOMEN'S PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.¹⁰

¹ *Richard II.*, I. i.

² *Coriolanus*, III. iii.

³ *King John*, V. ii.

⁴ *Troilus and Cressida*, V. 3.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, III. i.

⁶ *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i.

⁷ *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iv.

⁸ *Pericles*, I. ii.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

¹⁰ *King Henry*, V. 2.

"Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of too eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.¹

COAL, RAILWAY, AND SHIPPING STRIKES.

Our navy is address'd, our power collected, . . .
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.²

On my word, we'll not carry coals,
No, for then we should be colliers.³

Fickle changelings and poor discontents
Which gape or rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation.⁴

Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.⁵

O ! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you " woe ! "

Their faults are open :
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices ! ⁷

¹ *Richard II.*, I. i.

² *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv.

³ *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i.

⁴ *1 Henry IV.*, V. i.

⁵ *1 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁶ *Richard II.*, IV. i.

⁷ *Henry V.*, II. 2.

THE EXECUTION OF MISS EDITH CAVELL.

Either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness.¹

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience
Deserves a corner : would all other women
Could speak this with as pure a soul as I do ! . . .
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed.²

Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless . . .
My friends . . . live not here ;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In my own country.³

When you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.⁴

She is a gallant creature. . . . I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.⁵

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint.⁶

This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms.⁷

They that have done this deed are honourable.⁸

Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?⁹

¹ *Richard III.*, I. ii.

² *Henry VIII.*, III. i.

³ *Henry VIII.*, III. i.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, II. i.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁶ *I Henry VI.*, III. iii.

⁷ *King John*, IV. iii.

⁸ *Julius Caesar*, III. ii.

⁹ *Othello*, V. i.

LORD DERBY'S RECRUITING APPEAL AND MR.
ASQUITH'S PLEDGE TO THE MARRIED MEN.

What ! Is there not wars ? Is there not employment ?
Doth not the king lack subjects ?¹

Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? . . . Who
is here so vile that will not love his country ? If
any, speak, for him have I offended.²

To the wars, my boy, to the wars !
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed.³

This is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.⁴

What ! stand'st thou idle here ? Lend me thy sword :
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies
Whose deaths are unreveng'd.⁵

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.⁶

Thou art willing ?—

It is my duty, sir.—
I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.—
I have slept, my lord, already.—
It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long.⁷

¹ *2 Henry IV.*, I. ii.

² *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii.

⁴ *1 Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁵ *1 Henry IV.*, V. iii.

⁶ *Richard II.*, I. iii.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

I will keep my word with thee.—
I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word.¹

There will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.²

A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.
It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said indeed,
too.³

Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.⁴

I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.⁵

This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.⁶

Are his files
As full as thy report?⁷

The cry is still "They come."⁸

ATTESTATION OF RECRUITS.

Will you tell me how to choose a man? Care I for the
limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assem-
blance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master

¹ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.

² *1 Henry IV.*, III. i.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

⁴ *2 Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁵ *2 Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁶ *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. iii.

⁷ *Timon of Athens*, V. ii.

⁸ *Macbeth*, V. v.

Shallow. . . . This same half-faced fellow, give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. . . . O give me the spare men and spare me the great ones.¹

O Lord, sir ! I am a diseased man.—
What disease hast thou?—
A whoreson cold, sir ; a cough, sir.—
Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown : we will have away thy cold.²

LORD DERBY'S RECRUITS.

We must all to the wars !³

What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command.⁴
My life I never held but as a pawn,
To wage against thine enemies.⁵
Be factions for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.⁶

Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you.⁷

Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd ;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.⁸

¹ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

³ *1 Henry IV.*, II. iv.

⁴ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁵ *King Lear*, I. i.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁸ *Macbeth*, V. ii.

Let our just censures,
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.¹

THEN, ENGLAND'S GROUND, FAREWELL; SWEET SOIL,
ADIEU:

MY MOTHER, AND MY NURSE, THAT BEARS ME YET!
WHERE'ER I WANDER, BOAST OF THIS I CAN,
THOUGH BANISH'D, YET A TRUE-BORN ENGLISH-
MAN!²

THE BACKWARD.

There can be no kernel in this light *nut*; the soul of this
man is his clothes.³

He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.⁴

A coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a
villainous coward. . . . If manhood, good manhood,
be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a
shotten herring!⁵

¹ *Macbeth*, V. iv.

² *Richard II.*, I. 3.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. v.

⁴ *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

⁵ *I Henry IV.*, II. iv.

You are straight enough in the shoulders ; you care not
who sees your back : call you that backing your friends ?
A plague upon such backing ! Give me them that will
face me.¹

What would you have me do ? Go to the wars, would
you ! Where a man may serve seven years for the
loss of a leg, and have not money enough at the end
to buy him a wooden one ?²

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this.³

What a beast am I to slack it.⁴

To my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.⁵

I do not know
Why yet I live to say " This thing's to do " ;
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't.⁶

I feel me much to blame
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.⁷

¹ *I Henry IV.*, II. iv.

² *Pericles*, IV. vi.

³ *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii.

⁴ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. 4.

⁵ *Hamlet*, IV. 4.

⁶ *Hamlet*, IV. iv.

⁷ *Henry IV.*, II. iv.

THE COMPULSORY SERVICE ACT AND
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom ; each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face.¹

Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities,
And that same word even now cries out on us.²

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved
Or not at all.³

Strong reasons make strong actions
If you say ay, the King will not say no.⁴

How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, i'faith ?
Must we all march ?⁵

We are impressed and engaged to fight.⁶

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.
What, upon compulsion ? 'Zounds ! an I were at the
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not
tell you on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty
as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon
compulsion, I.⁷

THE CONSCRIPTS.

I have misused the King's press damnably. . . . I press
me none but good householders, yeomen's sons;

¹ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

³ *Hamlet*, IV. 2.

⁴ *King John*, III. 4.

⁵ *1 Henry IV.*, III. iii.

⁶ *1 Henry IV.*, I. i.

⁷ *1 Henry IV.*, II. iv.

inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns . . . as had lief hear the devil as a drum.¹

THE WIFE AND THE MOTHER.

O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord.²

It was your presurmise
That in the dole of blows your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :
Yet did you say, " Go forth." . . . What hath then
befallen
More than that being which was like to be.³
All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral ;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.⁴

FUTURIST AND CUBIST PAINTERS.

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made
men and not made them well, they imitated humanity
so abominably.⁵

¹ *1 Henry IV.*, IV. ii.

² *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. ii.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, I. i.

⁴ *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iv.

⁵ *Hamlet*, III. ii.

II.—ABROAD.

GERMAN ATTEMPT ON CALAIS.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.¹

The British powers are marching hitherward.
'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.²

GERMAN ATROCITIES AT LOUVAIN AND OTHER BELGIAN TOWNS.

Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.³

Such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.⁴

This foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.⁵

Enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.⁶

BOMBARDMENT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple.⁷

THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.⁸

¹ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i.

² *King Lear*, IV. iv.

³ *Coriolanus*, V. v.

⁴ *Pericles*, IV. iii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁶ *King Lear*, III. vii.

⁷ *Macbeth*, II. iii.

⁸ *I Henry VI.*, I. i.

It was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.¹

I shall have glory by this losing day.²

VISION OF ANGELS AT MONS.

If angels fight
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.³

BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have played the men.⁴

This most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight.⁵

LOSS OF GERMAN COLONIES.

All his ventures failed ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripoli, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Bombay, and India.⁶

These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.⁷

GERMAN USE OF GAS AND POISON BOMBS.

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.⁸

¹ *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. vi.

² *Julius Cæsar*, V. v.

³ *Richard II.*, III. 2.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, I. vi.

⁵ *King John*, V. iv.

⁶ *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, I. i.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, V. i.

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.¹

Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !²

AIR-RAIDS ON METZ, BADEN, AND KARLSRUHE.

The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never
felt it till now.³

TORPEDOING OF THE "LUSITANIA."

This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.⁴

All murders past do stand excus'd in this.

It is a damned and a bloody work ;

The graceless action of a heavy hand.⁵

The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act.⁶

Let's make us medicine of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.⁷

NOTES BETWEEN GERMANY AND AMERICA
CONCERNING THE "LUSITANIA."

Here are a few of the unpleasantest words
That ever blotted paper.⁸

You undergo too strict a paradox
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form.⁹

¹ *I Henry VI.*, I. iv.

² *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, III. i.

⁴ *King John*, IV. 3.

⁵ *King John*, IV. 3.

⁶ *Richard II.*, IV. i.

⁷ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁸ *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2.

⁹ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

Patience herself would startle at this letter,
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all. . . .
 Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers.¹

I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants.²

This is no answer . . . to excuse the current of thy
 cruelty.—

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.³

I hope you know that we
 Must not continue friends.⁴

AMERICA.

You yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm.⁵

SPRING OFFENSIVE (1915) OF THE ALLIES, AND BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.⁶

Thou knowst how —— is besieged,
 And how the English have the suburbs won.⁷

By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon chargéd to the mouths
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.⁸

¹ *As You Like It*, IV. iii.

² *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁴ *Cymbeline*, II. iv.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Macbeth*, V. iii.

⁷ *I Henry VI.*, I. iv.

⁸ *King John*, II. i.

ITALY DECLARES WAR ON AUSTRIA.

Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.¹

TORPEDOING OF THE "ARABIC," THE "PERSIA,"
AND OTHER LINERS.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise !²

It doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold.³

Leak'd is our bark
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into this sea of air.⁴

O ! the most piteous cry of the poor souls; sometimes
to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring
the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed
with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-
head.⁵

GERMAN SUBMARINE ATTACKS ON HOSPITAL SHIPS.

What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?⁶

CAMPAIGNS IN MESOPOTAMIA AND AFRICA.

New broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.⁷

¹ *I Henry VI.*, I. ii.

² *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.

³ *Cymbeline*, II. iv.

⁴ *Timon of Athens*, IV. ii.

⁵ *Winter's Tale*, III. iii.

⁶ *Richard III.*, I. ii.

⁷ *I Henry IV.*, I. i.

TURKISH ATTACK ON EGYPT.

The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.¹

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.²

THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN AND ALLIES AT SALONIKA.

This is the greatest error of all the rest.³

The deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their war-like fraughtage : now on Dardan plains.⁴

Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.⁵

The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.⁶

CABINET DELIBERATIONS ON SERBIAN EXPEDITION.

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.⁷

¹ *Othello*, I. iii.

² *Othello*, I. iii.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

⁴ *Troilus and Cressida*, Prologue.

⁵ *Timon of Athens*, V. i.

⁶ *I Henry VI.*, V. ii.

⁷ *I Henry VI.*, IV. iv.

THE KING OF GREECE AND THE ALLIES.

The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war.¹

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?²

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me
Either a coward or a flatterer.³

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter.⁴

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have sealed thy full desire.⁵

I know that we shall have him well to friend,—
I wish we may : but yet I have a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.⁶

GERMAN OFFENSIVE AGAINST VERDUN (SPRING, 1916).

We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.⁷

¹ *Troilus and Cressida*, Prologue.

² *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁴ *Richard II.*, II. iii.

⁵ *Timon of Athens*, V. iv.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁷ *King John*, II. ii.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates . . .
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harboured in their rude circumference.¹

Our castle's strength
Shall laugh a siege to scorn.²

¹ *King John*, II. i.

² *Macbeth*, V. v.

VII

“POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE”

VII

“POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE”

I.—NAVAL.

MOBILISATION OF BRITISH FLEET (JULY, 1914).

Come on : in this there can be no dismay,
My ships came home a month before “The Day !”¹

All my fortunes are at sea.²

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
As o'er a brook.³

Strike not by land ; keep whole : provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea.⁴

TRANSPORT OF TROOPS TO FRANCE.

Behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical.⁵

To France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass.⁶

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii.

² *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii.

⁴ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii.

⁵ *Henry V.*, III. Chorus.

⁶ *Henry V.*, II. Chorus.

ESCAPE OF THE "GOEEEN" AND "BRESLAU."

Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.¹

MERCHANTMEN MINED IN THE CHANNEL.

It is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war.²

In the narrow seas that part
The French and English,—there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.³

A brave vessel
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O ! the cry did knock
Against my very heart.⁴

We all that are engaged to this loss
Know that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.⁵

GERMAN FLEET AT KIEL AND NAVAL RAIDS.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably.⁶

Nigh wracked upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii. ² *Henry V.*, III. ii.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, II. viii.

⁴ *Tempest*, I. ii.

⁵ *2 Henry IV.*, I. i.

⁶ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii.

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say, "Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore."¹

Where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? Either to harbour fled
Or made a toast for Neptune.²

No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.³

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.⁴

You shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us
out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.⁵

NORTH SEA BLOCKADE.

Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sealike.⁶

On the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy.⁷

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen.⁸

¹ *2 Henry VI.*, III. ii.

² *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii.

³ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. vii.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, V. i.

⁵ *Cymbeline*, III. i.

⁶ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. xi.

⁷ *Richard III.*, IV. vi.

⁸ *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. vi.

FEAT OF SUBMARINE BII IN THE DARDANELLES.

Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
 Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
 More venturesome or desperate than this.¹

If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned.²

GERMAN REFUSAL TO SUBMIT THE "BARALONG"
CASE TO A NEUTRAL COURT.

Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
 That argues but the shame of your offence :
 A rotten case abides no handling.³

DEFEAT OF GERMAN FLEET OFF FALKLAND
ISLANDS.

We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
 A portly sail of ships sail hitherward.⁴

How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?
 But few of any sort and none of name.
 A victory is twice itself when the achiever
 Brings home full numbers !⁵

I shall be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.⁶

THE SAILOR.

The shipman's toil
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.⁷

¹ *I Henry VI.*, II. i.

² *Othello*, II. i.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁴ *Pericles*, I. iv.

⁵ *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁷ *Pericles*, I. iii.

Behold

Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails ;
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.¹

O gentle sleep . . .

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows from the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes ?²

The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.³

¹ *King Henry V.*, III. Chorus.

² *2 King Henry IV.*, III. i.

³ *Pericles*, III. i.

II.—MILITARY.

“THE TENTED FIELD.”

TRAINING OF RECRUITS.

Mars dote on you for his novices!¹

Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.²

Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Come manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good: exceeding good.—

He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right.³

There was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about and come you in, and come you in; “rah, tah, tah,” would a' say; “bounce” would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come; I shall never see such a fellow.⁴

He hath the honour to be the officer at a place there, called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files.⁵

THE SOLDIER.

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.⁶

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

¹ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i. ² *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i.

³ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii. ⁴ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

⁵ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii. ⁶ *As You Like It*, II. vii.

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.¹

* * * * *

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure.²

I am a soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.³

The heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.⁴
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight.⁵

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang.⁶

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.⁷

Many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd.⁸

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv.

² *Cymbeline*, IV., iv.

³ *I Henry VI.*, V. iii.

⁴ *Macbeth*, V. iii.

⁵ *Richard II.*, I. iii.

⁶ *Taming of the Shrew*, I. ii

⁷ *Richard II.*, I. iii.

⁸ *King Henry V.*, IV. iii.

There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving
before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for
peace.¹

* * * * *

Civilian (aside) He is a soldier, and for one to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.²

Dispute it like a man.

Soldier. I shall do so.

Civilian. This tune goes manly.³

Soldier. Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.⁴

Civilian. Thou hast talked
Of sallies, and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.⁵

Thou'rt a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
. . . for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.⁶

Thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both.⁷

Soldier. O let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !⁸

¹ *Measure for Measure*, I. ii.

² *Othello*, III. iv.

³ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁴ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁵ *I Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁶ *Timon of Athens*, I. ii.

⁷ *Macbeth*, I. ii.

⁸ *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

(Goes off singing) :

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then let a soldier drink.¹

SOME MILITARY MAXIMS.

Speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier.²

See that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek

That fame may cry you loud.³

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.⁴

That in the captain's but a choleric word

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.⁵

Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience ; and dying so death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained ; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, to teach others how they should prepare.⁶

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.⁷

¹ *Othello*, II. iii.

² *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. iii.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i.

⁴ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

⁶ *Henry V.*, IV. i.

⁷ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.¹

RETURN OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

We'll then to Calais ; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.²

'There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me ; some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy.³

I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love ;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.⁴

The warlike service he has done, consider ; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.⁵

My thoughts and wishes bend a gain toward France.⁶

PROMOTION.

'Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.⁷

¹ *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii. ² *Henry V.*, IV. viii.

³ *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii.

⁴ *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, III. iii.

⁶ *Hamlet*, I. ii.

⁷ *Othello*, I. i.

THE IMPOSTOR.

Patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.¹

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

. . . Had he his hurts before ?

Ay, on the front.

Why then, God's soldier be he.
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knoll'd.²

Make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave ; . . . he shall be interred
As soldiers can.³

THE AIR-SCOUT.

Send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.⁴

What are they
That charge their breath against us ? Say, scout, say.

A winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnéd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.⁵

Striding the blast, or . . . hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air.⁷

¹ *Henry V.*, V. i.

² *Macbeth*, V. vii.

³ *Cymbeline*, IV. ii.

⁴ *2 Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁵ *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

⁶ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii.

⁷ *Macbeth*, I. vii.

. . . Imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.¹

SIEGE WARFARE.

What bloody man is that? . . .

. . . Hail, brave friend!

Say . . . the knowledge of the broil
As thou did'st leave it.

Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art.²

The prince's espials have informed me
How the English in the suburbs close entrench'd
Wont through a secret gate of iron bars
In yonder town to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them.³

ENGINES AND DEVICES OF WAR.

Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.⁴

The nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them.⁵

¹ *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

² *Macbeth*, I. ii.

³ *I Henry VI.*, I. iv.

⁴ *Hamlet*, V. ii.

⁵ *Henry V.*, III. Chorus.

I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil, from his very arms
Puffed his own brother.¹

As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poisoned shot.²

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.

There might you see the labouring pioneer,
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust.⁴

Can't work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!⁵

Look you, the adversary is digit himself four yards under
the countermines; by Chesu, I think a' will plow up
all if there is not better directions.⁶

'Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.⁷

If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough.⁸

Powder in a skilless soldier's flask.⁹

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?¹⁰

¹ *Othello*, III. iv.

² *Hamlet*, IV. i.

³ *Henry V.*, V. ii.

⁴ *Rape of Lucrece*, 1380.

⁵ *Hamlet*, I. v.

⁶ *Henry V.*, III. ii.

⁷ *Hamlet*, III. iv.

⁸ *Pericles*, I. i.

⁹ *Romeo and Juliet*, III. iii.

¹⁰ *Henry V.*, IV. i.

Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.¹

Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow wind ! come wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.²

REWARDS FOR VALOUR.

Signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.³

¹ *Macbeth*, V. iv.

² *Macbeth*, V. v.

³ *Macbeth*, I. iv.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS :

(1) *The Night-Watch and the Surprise.*

Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.—
Sergeant, you shall.

Thus are poor servitors—

When others sleep upon their quiet beds—
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.¹

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle see the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll
And the third hour of drowsy morning name . . .

The poor condemned English
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn cloaks
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.²

¹ *I Henry VI.*, II. i.

² *Henry V.*, IV. i.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand. . . .

The knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.¹

* * * * *

Rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms.²

Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen. . . .
Had all your quarters been so safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been so shamefully surpris'd. . . .

'Tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this ;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.³

(2) *Henry V. at Agincourt.* 1415.

O ! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.—

No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

¹ *Henry V.*, IV. ii.

² *Richard II.*, I. iii.

³ *I Henry VI.*, II. i.

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day . . . and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say—"To-morrow is St. Crispian" :
Then will he strip his sleeves, and show his scars
And say—"These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. . . .
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er goby,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;—
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.¹

(3) *Approach of the Enemy.*

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust.²

The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.³

¹ *Henry V.*, IV. iii. ² *Timon of Athens*, V. ii. ³ *Julius Cæsar*, V. i.

'Tis a brave army
And full of purpose.¹

We must have knocks, ha ! must we not ?
We must both give and take.²

I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.—
Well, thou owest God a death.—

'Tis not due yet : I would be loath to pay him before his day.³

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother.⁴

O ! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end
And then the end is known.⁵

(4) *A Parley and Disposition of Troops.*

They stand and would have parley.⁶

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered :
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
. . . We will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our chiefest horse.⁷

(5) *Prayer before Battle.*

O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. iii.

² *Richard III.*, V. iii.

³ *I Henry IV.*, V. i.

⁴ *As You Like It*, I. ii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, V. i.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, V. i.

⁷ *Richard III.*, V. iii.

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.¹

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !²

God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !³

(6) *Speech to the Soldiers.*

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to fight ;
And fight and die is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.⁴

If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.⁵

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law !
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.⁶

¹ *Henry V.*, IV. i.

² *Richard III.*, V. iii.

³ *King John*, II. i.

⁴ *Richard II.*, III. ii.

⁵ *Richard III.*, V. iii.

⁶ *Richard III.*, V. iii.

Hark, I hear their drum
 Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Advance our standards ! set upon our foes !
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.¹

(7) *The Onset.*

Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?
 Most sure and vulgar, every one hears that,
 Which can distinguish sound.²

Now they are clapper-clawing one another.³

And like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.⁴

O ! now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men.
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.⁵

The vaulty top of heaven
 Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.⁶

Friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwinked.⁷

¹ *Richard III.*, V. iii.

² *King Lear*, IV. vi.

³ *Troilus and Cressida*, V. iv.

⁴ *King John*, II. i.

⁵ *King John*, II. i.

⁶ *King John*, V. ii.

⁷ *Cymbeline*, V. ii.

Most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe.¹

Stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.²

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England's coat.
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead.³

Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag !⁴

(8) *A Check.*

Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon,
A rout, confusion thick ; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need ; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens ! how they wound !
Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave ; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty ;
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.⁵

(9) *A Rally.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !

¹ *Othello*, I. iii.

² *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

³ *I Henry VI.*, I. v.

⁴ *Henry V.*, I. ii.

⁵ *Cymbeline*, V. iii.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wide and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—on, on, ye noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought..
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war ;—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry ! England, and Saint George !¹

¹ *Henry V.*, III. i.

(10) *The Mêlée.*

This battle fares like to the morning's war.

Now sways it this way like a naughty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.¹

I think by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do,
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.²

They were

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.³

(11) *The Pursuit.*

All flying

Thro' a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down

¹ 3 *Henry VI.*, II. v.

² 1 *Henry VI.*, I. ii.

³ *Macbeth*, I. ii.

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.¹

Cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.²

Strike up our drums ! pursue the scattered stray,
 God and not we hath safely fought to-day.³

(12) *The Slaughter.*

By the semblance
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.⁴

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
 That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
 And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
 The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires
 And gentlemen of blood and quality. . . .

O God ! thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,

¹ *Cymbeline*, V. iii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, IV. ii.

³ *Richard III.*, V. ii.

⁴ *Pericles*, I. iv.

But in plain shock, and even plain of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!¹

O such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times.²

(13) *Speech after the Battle.*

I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.³

We give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; *for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.*⁴

(14) *Prisoners.*

How thou wert entertained?—
With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place, produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all: . . .

¹ *King Henry V.*, IV. viii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, I. i.

³ *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. viii.

⁴ *King Henry V.*, III. vi.

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.¹

(15) *The Victory.*

Who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this ?²

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

Their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.⁴

¹ *I Henry VI.*, I. iv.

² *Richard III.*, I. i.

³ *King John*, III. iv.

⁴ *Coriolanus*, IV. i.

VIII

"MEREPLY PLAYERS"

I hold the world but as the world . . .
A stage where every man must play a part.

Merchant of Venice, I. i.

VIII

“MERELY PLAYERS”

I.—THE COURT.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

We are no tyrant but a Christian King.¹

We must bear all. O hard condition !

Twin-born with greatness. . . What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy !

And what have kings that privates have not too? . . .

The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.²

There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would.³

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state.⁴

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The expectancy and rose of the fair state.⁵

This lad will prove our country's bliss,
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,

¹ *Henry V.*, I. ii. ² *Henry V.*, IV. i. ³ *Hamlet*, IV. v.

⁴ *Hamlet*, I. ii.

⁵ *Hamlet*, III. i.

His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.¹

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of
 fame !²

II.—THE STATE.

THE RIGHT HON. H. ASQUITH.

I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.³

If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.⁴

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know.⁵
 I have sworn; I am firm.⁶

The secrets of nature
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.⁷

THE RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD-GEORGE.

Grown of late
 Quite from the main opinion he held once.⁸

¹ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. vi.

² *2 Henry IV.*, V. v.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, I. ii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.

⁶ *King Lear*, I. i.

⁷ *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. ii.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.¹

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss.²

Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good
English condition.³

You are the man
Must stead us all.⁴

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD GREY.

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war.⁵

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues : be just and fear not
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.⁶

THE RIGHT HON. A. BALFOUR.

O ! he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.⁷

Let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven.⁸
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles.⁹

¹ *Henry V.*, IV. vii.

² *Macbeth*, I. vii.

³ *Henry V.*, V. i.

⁴ *Taming of the Shrew*, I. ii.

⁵ *3 Henry VI.*, IV. vi.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii.

⁸ *Pericles*, I. ii.

⁹ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. vii.

THE RIGHT HON. A. BONAR LAW.

A tall gentleman, by heaven,
And a most gallant leader.¹

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.²

THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue.³

There is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.⁴

Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth,
and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a states-
man, and a soldier.⁵

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON.

I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak.⁶

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band.⁷

I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom.⁸

¹ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

² *Tempest*, II. i.

³ *King John*, II. i.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, I. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, III. ii.

⁶ *King Lear*, I. i.

⁷ *2 Henry VI.*, III. i.

⁸ *Henry VIII.*, V. i.

THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD MCKENNA.

What expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How i' the name of thrift
Does he rake this together ?¹

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.²

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. SIMON.

Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.³

His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired,
but all disordered.⁴

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.⁵

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.⁶

THE RIGHT HON. SIR FREDERICK SMITH.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.⁷

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.⁸

He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.⁹

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i.

³ *Coriolanus*, III. i.

⁴ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁶ *Macbeth*, I. iv.

⁷ *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i.

⁸ *Hamlet*, III. i.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

LORD CURZON.

'Tis nobly spoken.
 Take notice, Lords, he hath a loyal breast.
 For you have seen him open'.¹

He is of noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed
 honesty.²

LORD DERBY (*Stanley*).

A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal heart.³

Stanley, what news with you?—
 Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
 I'll muster up my friends.—
 Go then and muster men.⁴

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Thou art a gentleman,
 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplished.⁵
 Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.⁶

A braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.⁷

LORD ROSEBERY.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.⁸

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i.

³ *Richard II.*, I. i.

⁴ *Richard III.*, IV. iv.

⁵ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Macbeth*, V. vii.

⁷ *Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁸ *Henry VIII.*, I. ii.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state.¹

THE LATE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strong concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India.²

LORD HALDANE.

You went
Ambassador to the emperor.³

A man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom.⁴

How well-beloved.
And daily gracéd by the emperor.⁵

Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.⁶

You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.⁷

¹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

² *I Henry IV.*, III. i.

³ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, IV. ii.

⁵ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i.

⁶ *As You Like It*, V. iv.

⁷ *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

LORD FARINGDON.

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.¹

THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.²

THE RIGHT HON. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

He hath simply the best wit of any handicraftman.
Yea, and the best person too ; and he is a very paramour
for a sweet voice.³

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

Macdonald,
Worthy to be a rebel.⁴

All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathoms deep.⁵

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth : I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.⁶

MR. WILL THORNE, M.P.

This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

¹ *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i.

² *Hamlet*, V. i.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. ii.

⁴ *Macbeth*, I. ii.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, II. i.

⁶ *Coriolanus*, III. i.

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.¹

MR. JOSEPH KING, M.P.

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.²

I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth, a Christian.³

This fellow were a *King* for our wild faction.⁴

MR. G. LANSBURY.

O time most curst :
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst !⁵

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

I know you for a favourer of this new sect ! Ye are not
sound.⁶

MESSRS, OUTHWAITE, PRINGLE, HOGGE, TREVELYAN,
AND PONSONBY, M.P.'s.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants.⁷

¹ *King Lear*, II. ii.

² *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

³ *Richard III.*, III. v.

⁴ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. i.

⁵ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. iv.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

⁷ *King Lear*, II. ii.

They shall be apprehended by and by.
 How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
 As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.¹

MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.²

Yet I'll pause,
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.³

MESSRS. D. MOREL (DEVILLE) AND NORMAN ANGELL
 (LANE).

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !
 More wonderful when angels are so angry !⁴

This top-proud fellow . . . I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.⁵

What a frosty-spirited rogue is this !⁶

He hath a legion of angels.—As many devils entertain.—
 It is good : humour me the angels.⁷

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.⁸

MR. C. B. STANTON, M.P.

A plain blunt man.⁹

¹ *Henry V.*, II. ii.

² *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

³ *Richard II.*, II. iii.

⁴ *Richard III.*, I. ii.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, I. i.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, II. iii.

⁷ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, V. v.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.

RIGHT HON. W. M. HUGHES (Prime Minister of Australia).

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more"!¹

MR. PEMBERTON-BILLING, M.P.

He murder cries.²

I will not stir from this place, do what they can. . . .
They shall hear I am not afraid.³

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high. . . .
I thought as much ; he'd be above the clouds.⁴

MR. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.⁵

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes.⁶

Come they to visit us?
They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance.⁷

Let the music knock it.⁸

¹ *Macbeth*, II. ii.

² *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i.

⁴ *2 Henry VI.*, II. i.

⁵ *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii.

⁶ *Passionate Pilgrim*, viii.

⁷ *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

⁸ *Henry VIII.*, I. iii.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

Such harmony is in immortal souls.¹

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph.²

MR. EDWARD GERMAN.

He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes.³

SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

I have heard of your paintings too.⁴

SIR SIDNEY LEE.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler.⁵

SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE.

Who would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he
is her ape.⁶

SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

A well-graced actor.⁷

MR. F. R. BENSON AND HIS COMPANY.

I rest much bounden to you.⁸

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy,
history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, V. i.

² *Hamlet*, I. iv.

³ *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

⁴ *Hamlet*, III. i.

⁵ *Henry VIII.*, IV. ii.

⁶ *Winter's Tale*, V. ii.

⁷ *Richard II.*, V. ii.

⁸ *As You Like It*, I. ii.

tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, or Plautus too light.¹

MR. WILLIAM POEL.

We have reformed that indifferently with us.—
O ! reform it altogether !²

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

How silver-sweet . . .
Like softest music to attending ears.³

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.⁴

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

There was a star danced, and under that was I born.⁵

All made of fantasy,
All made of passion . . .
If this be so, why blame you me to love you.⁶

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still.⁷

MADAME KARSAVINA.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.⁸

¹ *Hamlet*, II. ii.

² *Hamlet*, III. ii.

³ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii.

⁴ *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii.

⁵ *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i.

⁶ *As You Like It*, V. ii.

⁷ Sonnet civ.

⁸ *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

Born under a rhyming planet.¹

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.²

MRS. MEYNELL.

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth Than those old nine which rhymers invocate.³

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

From the Pole.⁴

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.⁵

The frozen ridges, . . .
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.⁶

SIR J. M. BARRIE.

If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes.⁷

Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.⁸

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.⁹

MR. H. G. WELLS.

In his brain
. . . he hath strange places crammed
With observation.¹⁰

¹ *Much Ado about Nothing*, V. ii.

² *Sonnet xxxviii.*

³ *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

⁷ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. ii.

⁹ *As You Like It*, V. iv.

² *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. i.

⁴ *Hamlet*, I. i.

⁶ *Richard II.*, I. i.

⁸ *Much Ado about Nothing*, V. i.

¹⁰ *As You Like It*, II. vii.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, (his) pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.¹

That what he will he does ; and does so much
That proof is called impossibility.²

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you.³

I will tell you what I am about,—
Two yards and more.—
Indeed I am in the waist two yards about, but
I am now about no waste.⁴

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.⁵

MR. J. GARVIN (of *Pall Mall* and *Observer*).

This oracle of comfort has so pleased me.⁶

MR. G. B. SHAW.

His own trumpet, his own chronicle.⁷

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.⁸

I shall remember this bold language.⁹

¹ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. ² *Troilus and Cressida*, V. v.

³ *Much Ado about Nothing*, IV. ii. ⁴ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii.

⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. ⁶ *Henry VIII.*, V. v.

⁷ *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. ⁸ *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i.

⁹ *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

Yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wrack,
 As common bruit doth put it.¹

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after his wisest.²

MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Say, I warn'd ye :
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed.³

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 With better appetite.⁴

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON.

By God, I cannot flatter ; do defy
 The tongues of soothers.⁵

LIEUT.-COL. ROUSTAM-BEK.

Happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.⁶

"ORION" (of the *Daily Express*).

A buck of the first head.⁷

¹ *Timon of Athens*, V. i.

² *Tempest*, II. ii.

³ *Henry VIII.*, III. i.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

⁵ *I Henry IV.*, IV. i.

⁶ *As You Like It*, II. i.

⁷ *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii.

III.—THE CAMP.

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS.

The last of all the Romans.¹

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.²

He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest.³

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.⁴

Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.⁵

Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.⁶

I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.⁷

VISCOUNT KITCHENER.

You have that in your countenance which I would fain
call master.

What's that?

Authority.⁸

¹ *Julius Cæsar*, V. iii.

² *I Henry VI.*, IV. iii.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. iii.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, III. ii.

⁵ *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. iii.

⁶ *Coriolanus*, V. v.

⁷ *Julius Cæsar*, V. iii.

⁸ *King Lear*, I. iv.

He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth of contradiction.¹

When he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier.²

O ! Your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.³

LORD FRENCH.

A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman.⁴

An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.⁵

As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence
And pour'd them down before him.⁶

Success unto our valiant General
And happiness to his accomplices !⁷

Go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistress !⁸

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

He's a tried and valiant soldier.⁹

¹ *Coriolanus*, III. iii.

² *Coriolanus*, III. iii.

³ *Measure for Measure*, V. i.

⁴ *Henry V.*, IV. i.

⁵ *Macbeth*, IV. iii.

⁶ *Macbeth*, I. iii.

⁷ *I Henry VI.*, V. ii.

⁸ *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. iii.

⁹ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. i.

Whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp.¹

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !²

GENERAL SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN.

I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy
soldiership, will subscribe for thee.³

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

We must straight employ you
Against the general enemy—Ottoman.⁴

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver.⁵

GENERAL GOUGH.

The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.⁶

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLI COE.

Thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!⁷

I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.⁸

¹ *2 Henry IV.*, I. i.

² *Richard III.*, V. iii.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. vi.

⁴ *Othello*, I. ii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁶ *All's Well that End's Well*, III. iii.

⁷ *Coriolanus*, V. iii.

⁸ *Merchant of Venice*, II. v.

LORD FISHER.

O ! let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion.

It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands.¹
His counsel now might do me golden service.²

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.

Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter ; though young in days.³

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age,
doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a *Lion*.⁴

ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE.

He hath done good service in these wars.⁵

Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.⁶

SIR PERCY SCOTT.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town.⁷

LORD BERESFORD.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.⁸

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

¹ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

² *Twelfth Night*, IV. iii.

³ *Timon of Athens*, V. iii.

⁴ *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i.

⁶ *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

⁷ *I Henry VI.*, I. iv.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.¹

CAPTAIN OF "CARMANIA."

Though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.²

CAPTAIN FOX OF THE "ARETHUSA."

I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath
no drowning mark upon him.³

CAPTAIN GUEST, M.P.

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captain's wounds ?⁴

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

How shall I honour thee for this success ?⁵

I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.⁶

HIS MAJESTY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

We will ourself in person to this war.⁷

He sits 'mongst men like a descended God :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.⁸

GENERAL JOFFRE.

We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.⁹

¹ *I Henry IV.*, V. i. ² *Coriolanus*, IV. v. ³ *Tempest*, I. i.

⁴ *Timon of Athens*, III. v. ⁵ *I Henry VI.*, I. vi.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, V. iv.

⁷ *Richard II.*, I. iv.

⁸ *Cymbeline*, II. i.

⁹ *I Henry VI.*, III. iii.

He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.¹

HIS MAJESTY KING ALBERT.

His state usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled and his treasure spent.²

GENERAL CADORNA.

He
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
His excellence did earn it ere he had it.³

LIEUT. WARNEFORD, V.C.

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'l not believe thy deeds.⁴

With . . .

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Was feverous and did tremble.⁵

All tongues speak of him.⁶

'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings.⁷

O ! this boy
Lends mettle to us all.⁸

¹ *Hamlet*, IV. vii.

² *3 Henry VI.*, V. iv.

³ *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. i.

⁴ *Coriolanus*, I. ix.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, I. iv.

⁶ *Coriolanus*, II. i.

⁷ *Coriolanus*, I. ix.

⁸ *I Henry IV.*, V. iv.

LIEUT. MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.

He proved best man i' the field, and for this meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.¹

You have done a brave deed.²

CORPORAL ANGUS, V.C.

From face to foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries.³

SIGNALLER V.C. IN GALLIPOLI.

I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army
shooting at me.⁴

IV.—THE FOE.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

I desire

Nothing but odds with England!⁵

By Chesu, he is an ass, as in the world. . . He has
no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars,
look you, than is a puppy-dog.⁶

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive!⁷

He is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.⁸

¹ *Coriolanus*, II. ii.

² *Coriolanus*, IV. ii.

³ *Coriolanus*, II. ii.

⁴ *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i.

⁵ *Henry V.*, III. ii.

⁶ *Henry V.*, III. ii.

⁷ *Timon of Athens*, IV. xiv.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

Thieves for their robbery have authority
 When judges steal themselves.¹

The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.²

Think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.³

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.⁴

KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF.

Mortality and mercy in Vienna,
 Live in thy tongue and heart.⁵

My business in this state
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
 When I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 Till it o'errun the stew.⁶

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.⁷

Such baseness had never like executor.⁸

No man's pie is freed
 From his ambitious finger.⁹

¹ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

² *Rape of Lucrece*, 1002.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, II. i.

⁴ *Henry V.*, I. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, I. i.

⁶ *Measure for Measure*, V. i.

⁷ *Tempest*, II. i.

⁸ *Tempest*, III. i.

⁹ *Henry VIII.*, I. i.

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.¹

You have an exchequer of words, and I think no other
treasure to give your followers.²

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.³

If I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have
enough to serve mine own turn.⁴

PRINCE WILLIAM OF WIED (ALBANIA).

This is a slight unmeritable man.⁵

HERR BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment.⁶

It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us.⁷

He professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking 'em he is
stronger than Hercules.⁸

You have as little honesty as honour.⁹

¹ *Macbeth*, V. ii.

² *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iv.

³ *King John*, III. i.

⁴ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, IV. i.

⁶ *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii.

⁷ *King Lear*, III. vii.

⁸ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii.

⁹ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG.

This bold bad man.¹

A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.²

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.³

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI.

The gallant militarist . . . that had the whole theorick of
war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the
chape of his dagger.⁴

COUNT ZEPPELIN.

Thou hast affected . . .

To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak.⁵

I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.⁶

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ.

Notable pirate ! Thou salt-water thief !⁷

Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other.⁸

Thou friend of an ill fashion.⁹

¹ *Henry VIII.*, II. ii.

² *Coriolanus*, IV. vi.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, V. iii.

⁴ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii.

⁷ *Twelfth Night*, V. i.

⁶ *King Lear*, III. vii.

⁹ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. iv.

⁸ *King Lear*, I. iii.

GENERAL VON FALKENHAYN.

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.¹

GENERAL VON MACKENSEN.

I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.²

GENERAL VON KLUCK.

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.³

GENERAL VON BISSING (Governor of Brussels.)

Ungracious wretch !
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves
Where manners ne'er were preached.⁴

Thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.⁵

THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the
Dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?
Not a word.
You may do then, in time.⁶

COUNT BERNSTORFF.

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ?⁷

¹ *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii.

² *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

³ *I Henry VI.*, I. ii.

⁴ *Twelfth Night*, IV. i.

⁵ *Richard II.*, V. vi.

⁶ *King Lear*, II. i.

⁷ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

Only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected.

DR. DUMBA.

"Neighbour," says he,—Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then ;—“receive those that are civil, for you are in an ill name. . . . Receive no swaggering companions. He's no swaggerer ; a tame cheater i' faith.²

CAPTAIN VON PAPEN.

What confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom ?³

O negligence !
Fit for a fool to fall by : what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet ?⁴

Captain ! Thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain ? Our captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you. . . . These villains will make the word “captain” as odious as the word “occupy,” which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted.⁵

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty !⁶

That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; go.⁷

¹ *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. iii.

² *2 Henry IV.*, II. iv.

³ *King Lear*, III. vii.

⁴ *Henry VIII.*, III. ii.

⁵ *Henry IV.*, II. iv.

⁶ *King Lear*, II. ii.

⁷ *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xii.

CAPTAIN BOY-ED.

I know thee well : a serviceable villain.¹

COMMANDER VON HERsing.

This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.²

CAPTAIN VON MÜLLER (of the *Emden*).

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and hulk unprizable ;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.³

With thy brave bearing should I be in love
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.⁴

LIEUT. BERG (captor of the *Appam*).

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.⁵

HERR MAXIMILIEN HARDEN (editor of *Die Zukunft*).

I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
"Twould fall upon ourselves.⁶

¹ *King Lear*, IV. vi.

² *2 Henry VI.*, IV. i.

³ *Twelfth Night*, V. i.

⁴ *2 Henry VI.*, V. i.

⁵ *1 Henry IV.*, V. v.

⁶ *Henry VIII.*, V. iii.

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS.

I have a reasonable good ear in music ; let us have the tongs and the bones.¹

HERR HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN.

A recreant and a most degenerate traitor.²

MR. AUBREY STANHOPE (editor of *Continental Times*)

A very tainted fellow and full of wickedness.³

SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

A most toad-spotted traitor.⁴

V.—NEUTRALS.

PRESIDENT WILSON (U.S.A.).

I am meek and gentle with these butchers.⁵

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.⁶

¹ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i.

² *Richard II.*, I. i.

³ *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. ii.

⁴ *King Lear*, V. iii.

⁵ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁶ *I Henry IV.*, I. iii.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.¹

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity.²

THE KING OF DENMARK.

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice.³

MR. CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, cheek at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art.⁴

¹ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

² *Merchant of Venice*, III. iv.

³ *Hamlet*, I. ii.

⁴ *Twelfth Night*, III. i.

IX

“THESE FEW PRECEPTS”

IX

“THESE FEW PRECEPTS”

MERCY.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.¹

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.²

Then must the Jew be merciful.
On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.
The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesses him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,

¹ *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

² *Titus Andronicus*, I. i.

And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.¹

HATE (LISSAUER'S HYMN OF HATE).

These dead curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyself.²

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break
Should I not curse them.³

Do all men kill the things they do not love ?—
Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?—
Every offence is not a hate at first.—
What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice !⁴

PATRIOTISM.

I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound than mine own life.⁵

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. ² *2 Henry VI.*, III. ii.

³ *2 Henry VI.*, III. ii. ⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

⁵ *Coriolanus*, III. iii.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.¹

These present wars shall find I love my country
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.²

My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.³

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.⁴

May he be suffocate
That dims the honour of this warlike isle.⁵

Had I twenty times as many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.⁶

COURAGE.

It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver.⁷

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.⁸

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats, sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy?⁹

¹ *I Henry VI.*, III. iii.

² *Cymbeline*, IV. iii.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.

⁴ *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii.

⁵ *2 Henry VI.*, I. i.

⁶ *2 Henry VI.*, II. iv.

⁷ *Coriolanus*, II. ii.

⁸ *Hamlet*, I. iii.

⁹ *Timon of Athens*, III. v.

To the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.¹

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more is none.²

There is no love, hotter in the world, can more prevail
 in man's commendation with woman than report of
 valour.³

FEAR.

Of all base passions fear is most accursed !⁴

To be furious
 Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
 The dove will peck the estridge.⁵

Cowards die many times before their death ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.⁶

That life is bitter life, past fearing death,
 Than that which lives to fear.⁷

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently ;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear of death.⁸

¹ *Cymbeline*, V. i.

² *Macbeth*, I. vii.

³ *Twelfth Night*, III. ii.

⁴ *I Henry VI.*, v. ii.

⁵ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. xi.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, II. ii.

⁷ *Measure for Measure*, V. i.

⁸ *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Reason thus with life :—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,—
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still : Thou art not noble :
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain :
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age ;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lies hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.¹

To die; to sleep,
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.²

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more.³

The sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as pictures.⁴

A man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er
 bear a base mind! an't be my destiny, so; an't be not,
 so. No man's too good to serve 's prince; and let it
 go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for
 the next.⁵

The time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!⁶

Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

¹ *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

² *Hamlet*, III. i.

³ *Macbeth*, V. v.

⁴ *Macbeth*, II. ii.

⁵ *2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.

⁶ *1 Henry IV.*, V. ii.

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.¹

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of facing death.
Grant that, and then is death a benefit.²

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!³

O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?⁴

I

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck; being an ugly monster,

¹ *Hamlet*, III. i.

² *Richard II.*, III. ii.

³ *Julius Cæsar*, III. i.

⁴ *Hamlet*, V. ii.

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.¹

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.²

Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it ; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed
 As 'twere a careless trifle.³

If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in mine arms.⁴

Be absolute for death : either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter.⁵

I'll make death love me, for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.⁶

My joy is death ;
 Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid
 Because I wished this world's eternity.⁷

For death remembered should be like a mirror
 Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.⁸

¹ *Cymbeline*, V. iii.

² *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

³ *Macbeth*, I. iv.

⁴ *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

⁵ *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

⁶ *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. ii.

⁷ *2 Henry VI.*, II. iv.

⁸ *Pericles*, I. i.

X

“LAST SCENE OF ALL”

X

“LAST SCENE OF ALL.”

PEACE

Peace

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.¹

Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?²

I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage :

I hold the olive in my hand ; my words are as full of
peace as matter.⁴

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.⁵

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?⁶

If we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the — gain thereby.⁷

Now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke.⁸

¹ *Henry V.*, V. ii.

² *Measure for Measure*, I. ii.

³ *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

⁴ *Twelfth Night*, I. v.

⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii.

⁶ *I Henry VI.*, V. iv.

⁷ *I Henry VI.*, V. iv.

⁸ *King John*, II. i.

There is a thing within my bosom tells me
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.
 Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
 Upon such large terms, and so absolute
 As our conditions shall consist upon,
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.¹

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser.²

So now dismiss your army when ye please,
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn peace.³

God, if thy will be so,—
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood !⁴

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war !⁵

All's well that ends well ; still the fine's the crown ;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.⁶

GOD SAVE THE KING.⁷

¹ *2 Henry IV.*, IV. i.

² *2 Henry IV.*, IV. ii.

³ *1 Henry VI.*, V. iv.

⁴ *Richard III.*, V. iv.

⁵ *Othello*, III. iii.

⁶ *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iv.

⁷ *Macbeth*, I. ii.

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